THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

OCTOBER 1, 1808.

THE LOVE FEAST.

MR. SATIRIST,

LITTLE did I imagine when, in the month of May, I endeavoured to communicate unto you the *word*,* which, to my great *refreshment*, I did hear, and to send you a sketch of what mine eyes did see, whereby you might be enlightened on the subject of the *New Light*† company, and of *the Bank of Faith*, established under the firm of *the children of grace*,—little did I imagine that any thing proceeding from me, poor humble worm that I am, would have been found worthy of the *serious* thoughts of the *elect*, much less that it would have so moved and touched them to the quick, penetrating even to their inward parts, and the very marrow of their bones. Astonished, however, as I am at this, much more am I astonished to find that my words meant so much more than I was aware of when they

* See SATIRIST, vol. ii. p. 337.

† To prevent misconception it may be necessary to observe, that the "*National Light and Heat*" company is not here intended: though as the *gas* light is *raised* from COALS, the mistake in this *particular* instance would have been natural.

escape l me: but they who are filled with the *Spirit*, you know, Mr. SATIRIST, see double.

To this *spirituous** gift, no doubt, dear Mister SEEK TRUTH† is indebted for the discoveries which he has made and published in a letter addressed to you, Mr. SATIRIST. It is not possible, of course, to believe that one seeing thus "without a glass between," can be mistaken in his judgment: yet if it were possible, it is rather uncharitable in dear Mister SEEK TRUTH, who doubtless is a "Sinner saved," and one of those "certain persons" who are "beyond the possibility‡ of reprobation," and who could not go to Hell if he tried ever so hard to do it, and might, therefore, well afford to shew some grace to one whom he calls a "Sinner not saved"—it is rather uncharitable in him, I say, to suppose that I wished to make your publication, Mr. SATIRIST, "the medium of disseminating opinions and principles subversive of the grand doctrines of the Christian religion, and of course repugnant to the happiness and well-being of society," merely because I repeated to you the words of one, whose "great talents, and whose zeal and ability, as a Minister of the Gospel, no one, *who knows any thing of him*, can deny."§ If you remember, Mr. SATIRIST, I gave you a *note* on the *Bank of Faith*,‖ to which you might apply, and be satisfied that I passed no forgery on you; and I must repeat, therefore, that it is uncharitable in the saintly

* Our friend THOMASO writes always *plainly* and *intelligibly*; else we might suspect that we ought, in this place, to read "spiritual:" though the *spirit* of the context will certainly warrant the present reading.—EDITOR.

† See a pamphlet, entitled "Mr. Huntington rescued from the Attack and Misrepresentations of the Satirist."

‡ See p. 15, ibid.

§ See p. 21, ibid.

‖ A work published by the Rev. W. HUNT-*ington*, SINNER SAVED.

Mister SEEK TRUTH to suppose that I intended "to render ridiculous the opinions and connections of the *Rev.* W. HUNT-*ington*, S. S.'"* because I repeated the words which proceeded from him. If there be nothing ridiculous in the words themselves, my repeating them cannot make them so; and it is a strange mode of manifesting the veneration which Mister SEEK TRUTH professes for the *Rev. W.* HUNT-*ington*, S. S., to call those sweet words of his a *rhapsody*. If, indeed, I had as little charity as himself, I might reasonably suspect that he is one "who mocketh," "a man full of talk," "a wolf in sheep's clothing," who, under shew of rescuing the *Rev. W.* HUNT-*ington*, S. S. from a supposed attack, comes slily behind, and stabs him in the back. How else could he have imagined that there was any thing in the *Rev. W.* HUNT-*ington's*, S. S. *breeches* which stood in need of support or justification? how else would he have ventured, even mentally, to divest him of that "*material part* of *necessary* adornment?"† It requires, indeed, no small stock of *faith* to believe that Mister SEEK TRUTH is *seriously* inclined, when he undertakes to prove from the

* The precise Mister SEEK TRUTH tells you I must be little acquainted with the writings of the S. S., since I spelled his name *Huntingdon*, whereas, he says, the name is *Huntington*. As he is anxious to have the name right to a *T*, he might as well have given an extract from the parish register in which the entry of the baptism of this babe of grace was made, or have produced the King's letters patent, gracing the plain name of HUNT with the addition of two syllables. Till this be done, the mode above adopted may serve well enough to mark what part of the name the S. S. derives from his progenitors, and what he has, *for reasons best known to himself*, assumed of his own authority. In the mean time it matters little to the public whether he has dignified his name with the addition of *Don*, or made it the *ton*.

† "Huntington Rescued," &c. p. 8.

morning service of the church of England,* that "we are directed by the established religion of the country" to ask God for *breeches* whenever we want a new pair. Verily all this seemeth mockery; yet charity forbids me to think that, on subjects of such *serious* import, Mister SEEK TRUTH would "attempt to be facetious;" and even though he did, his melancholy waggery would not divert me from the serious task I have undertaken of making known the ways of the *elect*, and shewing the great parts of the fine man, who may fitly be called the Director of *the Bank of Faith*. In all love and charity, then, I bid dear Mister SEEK TRUTH farewel. And now let us drop the breeches, and proceed to a feast of love.

It has been justly observed,† that the privileges which the children of love enjoy are great and inestimable. "Our class-meetings," says a sweet writer in the Methodist Magazine, "our *private* and *body*‡ bands, our select bands, our *love-feasts*, and, in short, the whole of our economy, furnish us with such frequent and multiplied opportunities of bearing each other's burdens, lifting up the *hands that hang down*, and confirming the *feeble knees*, as perhaps never were exceeded. May we prize and improve our privileges, by not forsaking the assembling ourselves together, as the manner of many now is, but still, with all our primitive simplicity and diligence, *provoke one another to love*."§

That so loving an exhortation should be enforced by the example of the *prince* of the *elect* was fit and proper; and, therefore, as you have justly said,‖ Mr. SATIRIST, the faithful greatly *rejoice* at the union which hath lately

* See "Mr. Huntington Rescued, &c." p. 8.

† See Methodist Magazine, Sept. 1808, p. 388.

‡ Query. Is not there a slight typographical error here?

§ Methodist Magazine, Sept. 1808, p. 388.

‖ See SATIRIST, No. XII. p. 176.

taken place between the *great* and *good* man, who may truly be called the most sanctified of the elect, and the disconsolate widow, who hath so long been the partner of his *love-feasts*. Your having noticed the occurrence shews the attention which you pay to such serious matters; but an event of so much importance deserves to be recorded more particularly, and must not be passed lightly and irreverently over as the marriage of a common coal-heaver and the widow of a city knight. Where the *end* was so good, every circumstance which led to it might fitly be *detailed:* but this would carry me to great *lengths*. I shall therefore pass by all the pious raptures that preceded the union, and neither profanely enquire by what sort of *coal* the flames of holy desire* were kindled in the breast of the saintly bridegroom, nor by what powerful charm the widow was "penetrated and melted into love." Neither of the bridal ceremony shall I describe aught save the *feast of love*, with which the whole was consummated.

Upon entering into the house of joy, I perceived the bridal throng was composed chiefly of those goodly members whom I had before seen so ready to support the credit of the *Bank of Faith*, and so fascinated by the brilliant *emanations* of the *New Light*. In the sketch which accompanies this description you will, no doubt, recognize several of the *sweet* visages which graced my former production. Some of these sat apart *refreshing* their souls with the *liquor of life*, and in several the *powerful workings of the spirit* were visible. Most of the sweet sisters seemed to have made, since I last saw them, considerable progress towards *a new birth*, and to be filled with perfect love: and there appeared good reason to hope that their *pious labours* would, in due season, *produce* a fine supply

* "Auri *sacra fames*."—VIRGIL.

of *babes of grace.* Some, indeed, looked as though they were concerned to obtain the "one thing needful;" and others seemed melted with a sense of their own "barrenness:"* but the assembly, in general, appeared to be "filled with joy unspeakable, and there was much affection amongst them."† The bride and bridegroom I shall not presume to describe; but shall observe merely that he looked like a stately pillar of divinity; and that she, whose ornament was not that outward adorning of the hair, but the hidden man of the heart, seemed to contemplate with much inward delight a mirror presented to her by one, whom I understood to be a pious midwife, in which several babes of grace were represented in embryo.

In this scene of joy, I confess, I was rather surprized to behold the same winged form of fearful aspect that I had before seen so familiar with the bridegroom, but his office was changed: he bore a torch, and seemed to hold the same rank on the present occasion as the Hymen of the Heathen. He still, however, had a pair of leather breeches in his hand, which the bridegroom desired him to give to a bare-bottomed saint, as a reward for his having fought the good fight, and maintained the dignity of that "*material part* of necessary adornment." The bare-bottomed saint, whose name I understood to be SEEK TRUTH, and who, peradventure, on account of the nakedness of her he sought, went half-naked himself, received the breeches most thankfully, and stepped aside to try how they would fit. I perceived also some other strange figures that seemed attendant on the winged form. They were emptying coal sacks, and filling them with gold. There were more things of strange sort—strange to see, and strange to tell—which I should have noticed, but my attention was now entirely engaged by the bridal hymn, which the pro-

* See Style's Life of Brainerd, 1808, p. 167. † Ibid.

fane Heathen, with indelicate allusion, termed *epithalamium*, and which was now chanted in no mortal strain by the bride, the bridegroom, and the bridal guests. The words, as I understood, were selected by the bridegroom himself for the occasion from the works of the saints, and as they are excellently appropriate, I subjoin the following copy.

THE BRIDAL HYMN.*

CHORUS. "Hands and hearts, and voices raise:
Sing as in the ancient days;
Antedate the joys above,
Celebrate the feast of love."†

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* Every stanza of this Bridal Hymn is taken, without the alteration of a single word, from a collection of hymns published by WESLEY "for the use of the people called Methodists." To shew the truth and faithfulness of the selection, a correct and full reference is given to the various hymns from which the extracts are made. The reader, who happens not to be one of the *elect*, will perhaps be a little startled by some of the expressions, and will scarcely conceive that they could have been found in any work professedly religious; but it will be recollected, that in this Bridal Hymn the performers are Methodists, and the language must be construed with a reference to the character and manners of the speakers, and not according to its more general signification. If there is any impropriety, however, in the thoughts or language, the Methodists themselves are alone accountable for it: if the passages, while in their hymn book, have a spiritual meaning, transplanting them into the SATIRIST will not change their nature. What has been printed already without any alleged impropriety, what is regularly sold and distributed by these Methodists all over the kingdom, there can be no impropriety in merely reprinting. From this hymn, however, will be seen what is the nature of the Methodist religion; and no other feelings can be excited by its perusal but those of abhorrence and disgust for the gross and blasphemous sensuality of the pretended saints.—EDITOR.

† *The Love Feast, Part the First*, Hymn 505, st. 1. WESLEY'S Collection of Hymns, Leeds edition, 1802, p. 481.

BRIDEGROOM. "Swells my soul to compass thee;
Gasps in thee to live and move;
Fill'd with all the Deity,
All immerst and lost in love."*

"Give me thyself, from every boast
From every wish set free,
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me!
Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given:
Thy presence makes my Paradise,
And where thou art is Heaven!"†

BRIDE. "Lo! in thy hand I lay,
And wait thy will to prove,
My potter, stamp on me thy clay,
Thy only stamp of love."‡

"My life, my portion thou,
Thou all sufficient art;
My hope, my only treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart."§

SEMI-CHOR. "Placed according to thy will,
Let us all thy work fulfil;"‖
"O put it in our inward parts,
The living law of perfect love!"
"Write the new precepts on our hearts,
We shall not then from thee remove."¶

CHORUS. "Sweetly may we all agree,
Touch'd with softest sympathy!
Kindly for each other care,
Every member feel its share;

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* Hymn 26, st. 6. Ibid. p. 33.
† Hymn 403, st. 4 and 5. Ibid. p. 394.
‡ Hymn 147, st. 1. Ibid. p. 150.
§ Hymn 133, st. 6. Ibid. p. 136.
‖ Hymn 504, pt. 4, st. 3. Ibid. p. 480.
¶ Hymn 497, st. 3. Ibid. p. 476.

Honour'd if one member is,
All partake the common bliss."*

BRIDE. "Feed this tender branch of thine,
Ceaseless influence derive;
Thou the true, the heavenly vine,
Grafted into thee I live.
Of life the fountain thou,
I know—I feel it now!
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BRIDEGROOM. "Oh! when on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see;
My fulness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee."‡

BRIDE. * * * * * *
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Then my soul with strange delight
Shall comprehend and feel,
What the length, and breadth, and height,
Of love unspeakable."‖

BRIDEGROOM. "I wait my vigour to renew,
Thine image to retrieve;
The veil of outward things pass through,
And gasp in thee to live."¶

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* Hymn 504, pt. 4, st. 4. Ibid. p. 481.

† Hymn 166, st. 2 and 3. Ibid. p. 189. The latter part is too indecent to be quoted by us.

‡ Hymn 68, st. 2. Ibid. 73.

§ Hymn 186, st. 5, p. 190. This stanza we refrain from extracting, for the reason given above.

‖ Hymn 401, st. 3, p. 393.

¶ Hymn 89, st. 4. Ibid. p. 91.

"With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long,
I rise superior to my pain,
When I am weak, then I am strong:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is love."*

CHORUS. "So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and still giving more."†

BRIDEGROOM. "Set upon thyself my feet,
And make me surely stand,
From temptation's rage and heat
Cover me with thy hand:
Let me in the cleft be placed,
Never from thy fence remove;
In thine arms of love embraced,
Of everlasting love."‡

CHORUS. "The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness;
The speechless awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love!"§

And now the voices died softly away: the light of the torch had expired; I heard only gentle murmurs and sighs; and as there was no more to be seen or heard, I left the communion of saints to conclude their love-feast by themselves.

I am, Mr. SATIRIST,
Thine in perfect love,
Sept. 7, 1808. THOMASO SCRUTINY.

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* Hymn 139, st. 1, 5, and 6. Ibid. p. 138.
† Hymn 191, st. 1. Ibid. p. 195.
‡ Hymn 263, st. 4. Ibid. p. 259.
§ Hymn 9, st. 9 and 10. Ibid. p. 16.

To the Conductor of the Satirist.

SIR,

I INTENDED to have published the following letter to LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE as a pamphlet, but as it will obtain a much wider circulation through the channel of your excellent work, I have sent it to you, and shall feel much obliged by its insertion therein. My only motives are to excite the public indignation against adultery and *adulterers*, and to point out what I conceive to be the principal causes of the present disgraceful frequency of seduction and criminal converse.

I am, &c.

Portman-square, Sept. 18, 1808. ZENO.

TO LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

MY LORD,

At no period of the British history, not even in the reign of Charles the Second, when licentiousness was sanctioned by the example of a dissolute court, has the crime of adultery been so frequent as since the commencement of the present century: to investigate the causes of the alarming increase of an evil so destructive is my principal view in writing this letter to your lordship. I select you from the crowd of *honourable* and *noble* adulterers, because you are the last upon record; and perhaps it may afford you some satisfaction to be informed, that you are addressed by a husband whose domestic felicity you have never injured, and by a father whom you have never caused to suspect the legitimacy of his offspring.

To assert that I am totally unknown to your lordship, would be to incur the probability of being guilty of a falsehood, as you have been personally known to me

ever since you attained the age of manhood. We have frequently met; and as the crime of adultery does not exclude a man from fashionable society, it is very possible that we may meet again: I, however, never have had, and sincerely hope for both our sakes, that I never shall have, cause to be your *private enemy*, though God forbid you should ever number me among your *private friends*. There are, my Lord, still some men in this degenerate world who regard *convicted adulterers*, however exalted their rank, as objects of abhorrence; and would as soon associate with branded housebreakers as with the systematic despoilers of domestic felicity; happy would it be for society if such sentiments were universal, then would your lordship have fewer opportunities of riveting your basilisk eyes upon the abashed and blushing countenances of every unprotected female who frequents the circles where you are *now* permitted to mingle with the honourable and the virtuous.

Gallantry (as seduction and adultery are now delicately denominated) appears in some families to be hereditary: thus the progeny of Lord C—— (who at the age of eighty-two still shared the parson's wife) have all been conspicuous as votaries of the Cyprian goddess; but with regard to you, my Lord, the case is otherwise; for it has been pretty clearly ascertained that your noble father was *not* distinguished as a man of *gallantry*.

Seducers and adulterers may be divided into four separate classes:—the *constitutional*, the *scientific*, the *vain*, and the *selfish*. The first are hurried into guilt by the violence of their passions, irritated perhaps by the exhilarating juice of the grape, and the high-seasoned luxuries of the table. Such men are generally deficient in intellectual faculties; and therefore seldom reflect on the fatal consequences of their licentious pursuits: their hearts are not warmed by love, but inflamed by brutal de-

sire; and like ferocious tigers, they care not whom they destroy in gratifying their voracious appetites. Your lordship most assuredly is not an adulterer of this description. No flush of ungovernable passion irradiates your sallow cheek. No stimulating wines and viands

"Disturb the even current of your blood;"

for since the accident which befel you at Banbury, while you were acting the noble part of a jockey, you have never indulged in the pleasures of the banquet.

To which of the three following classes you properly belong, the sagacity of the world and your own conscience will readily determine.

The SCIENTIFIC SEDUCER deliberately selects some woman for his victim whose reputation has been previously unimpeached, and coldly calculates by what means he may soonest effect her ruin. If she be of a romantic disposition, he talks of the tranquil pleasures of rural life, of bleating flocks, lowing herds, purling streams, and shadowy groves; swears that with *such* a companion he could pass his days in everlasting retirement; and while reposing on her alabaster bosom (no matter if it be brown as the Duchess of ——'s), pity those unhappy mortals who are condemned to pass their days amidst the turmoil and dissipation of the metropolis. If she be fond of poetry, he assails her with sonnets, elegies, and acrostics; describes his pains in metaphors, pleads his passion in allegories, softens her heart with amatory lyrics, and persuades her to elope by an heroic epistle. If attached to her husband, he saps the foundation of her virtue by *ridicule*, a mode of attack which few females have fortitude enough to withstand; and if religiously inclined, he instils into her mind those genuine principles of methodism, that salvation is only to be attained by faith, and that good works are of no avail. This doctrine, my Lord, is so extremely convenient for

the professors of adultery, that I am surprised you have not renounced the errors of the established church, and united yourself with the Methodists. Do think seriously of this; for if you have any conscience, you may thus relieve it of a very considerable burthen.

I must now solicit your lordship's *particular* attention while I describe the species of seducer that I have denominated the VAIN. This animal is too fond of himself to be in love with any body: he, however, sometimes attaches himself for many years to a married lady (as you, my Lord, may have done to Mrs. R——), merely to acquire an established reputation as a man of gallantry: he always selects the prettiest woman in the room to flirt with; and if she be weak enough to be pleased with his nonsensical conversation, he deems it incumbent on him to add her to the catalogue of victims whom he has magnanimously seduced. Rather actuated by a preposterous vanity, and a contemptible desire of notoriety, than by affection or passion, he is only anxious to conceal his intentions from the husband whose dishonour he has planned; and if he succeed in his villainous endeavour, he shamefully sacrifices the reputation of the lady by publishing the glory of his triumph. I have heard of a hero of this description who, when his villainy was discovered by the injured husband, not only most shamefully deserted the unhappy female whom he had ruined, but meanly protested to all his acquaintance that she had been the original seducer; at the same time declaring that he was ready to *fight* the husband, or to do any thing *that was proper*, but to marry her. Now, my Lord, can you conceive a more finished villain than this man, who could first rob his friend of every domestic comfort, and then have the audacity to declare that he was ready to rob him of his existence?

The fourth and last class of offenders, though highly

culpable, are perhaps less so than any of the preceding. The *selfish* adulterer is a man who is really attached to the female whose seduction he meditates; but instead of endeavouring to combat his illicit passion, yields to its influence, and gratifies *his own* desires by sacrificing the virtue and happiness of their object, and the domestic peace and honour of his trusting friend. This description of offender does not in the smallest degree resemble your lordship; for I verily believe you never were seriously attached to any woman.

Without reverting to the Mosaic code, where God's special interdiction against adultery is recorded, we may perceive that it has been, from the earliest ages of the world, considered as one of the most flagrant crimes that could be committed by man; and the punishment thereof has been, with very few exceptions, far more severe than that which is now inflicted by the laws of England.

By the Greeks seduction was variously punished; sometimes the offenders were deprived of their eyes; at others they were permitted to redeem themselves by a fine; there was also a very peculiar mode of punishing adultery among the Athenians, called παραπιλμοι αρεφανοιδωσι; this was by *empaling*, as it were, the offender with horseradish, or with a fish called a *mugil*, which some erroneously suppose to be the common mullet. Alcæus the poet, according to the following epigram, died in consequence of this operation.

Αλκαιω ταφος ουτος ον εκτανεν η πλατυφυλλος
Τιμωρος μοιχων γης θυγατηρ ραφανος.

"This is the tomb of Alcæus, whom the broad-leaved radish, daughter of earth, and punisher of adulterers, slew."

This mode of punishment was also, we are informed by Catullus and Juvenal, adopted by the Romans; though as Mr. Gifford, the learned translator of the latter poet,

observes, it was allowed by no written law, but seems to have been an old and approved method of gratifying private vengeance.

"Ah tum te miserum malique fati
Quem attractis pedibus, patente portâ
Prècurrent rappanique, mugilesque."—CAT. xv. 4. 17.

"Quosdam mœchos et mugilis intrat."—JUV. Sat. iv.

It appears from the oration of Lysias, in defence of Euphiletus, who was accused of murdering the adulterer Eratosthenes, that by a law of the Areopagus the crime of seducing a married woman was always punished capitally at Athens, although the ravishing her only subjected the offender to a fine, unless he was caught in the fact, when he might legally be slain: and this distinction, the orator contends, is just; for, says he, the ravisher only pollutes the body, and leaves the mind undefiled, the victim of his lust abhors him; but the *seducer* contaminates her heart and her affections; he alienates them from her husband; he seizes the whole property of his neighbour, and renders the legitimacy of his children a matter of excruciating uncertainty. It appears from Horace, Juvenal, and Valerius Maximus, that among the Romans adultery was arbitrarily punished, according to the discretion of the husband.

"Hic se præcipitem tecto dedit. Ille flagellis
Ad mortem cæsus: fugiens hic decidit acrem
Prædonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore nummos
Hunc perminxerunt calones: quin etiam illud
Accidit, ut cuidam testes caudamque salacem
Demeteret ferrum."—HOR. Sat. lib. i. sat. 2.

There were, however, many specific laws against the crime, which doomed the offender to various punishments: such as burning, sewing him up in a sack and

casting him into the sea, cutting off his nose, banishing him, &c. &c.

Before Christianity was established in Poland, adulterers were nailed by the offending members to the market-place; a razor was placed within their reach, and they were thus compelled either to perish in that situation, or to do justice on themselves. In Spain the amputation was performed by the common executioner; and a similar punishment, with the addition of loss of eyes, was inflicted in England during the reign of Henry the First. There are two other modes of punishing this crime, which I shall submit to your lordship's notice, and I dare say you would have preferred either to the payment of three thousand pounds. The first is mentioned by Chardin in his account of the Mingrelians, among whom adulterers are sentenced to forfeit a HOG, upon which the offender and the cuckold feast in good fellowship together. Now, my Lord, what a pity it is that you could not expiate your late offence by the forfeiture of a Hampshire *hog*; perhaps it was in consequence of some such idea that you chose *Winchester* for your *scene of action*. An account of the other method is to be found in the *Catholicon* of Johannes Januensis, and I have no doubt if your lordship will submit to undergo it that Colonel —— will cheerfully remit the damages which he has recovered against you: it is simply leading a baboon by the neck, at the same time applying your mouth to the animal's *tail*, and thus parading the streets. What a fine attitude for a descendant of the hero of Minden!

Such are the laws which were formerly in force against adultery; and there can be no doubt that the mildness of the present is one great cause of the increase of the crime.

The chief reasons, however, of its prevalence, I take to be, the influence of *high example*, the countenance which people of rank, and even of *reputed virtue*, shew to those

who have been convicted, or are known to have been guilty thereof; and that indiscriminate association of the good and the profligate which is now permitted in fashionable life. The young and thoughtless female, when she is first introduced into society, beholds the mistresses of Princes, syren prostitutes, and the adulterous wives of nobles, more courted and flattered than those who have never violated the laws of modesty and honour; she finds that virtue is little valued by others, and she therefore considers it as scarcely worth preserving; she witnesses the intrigues of her parents' intimate friends, acquires herself a passion for intrigue, and marries to pursue it with safety. Let husbands and fathers forbid convicted adulterers and reputed seducers to enter their houses; let them shut their doors against those women, whatever may be their rank, whom they know to be infamous; let them forbid their wives and daughters to visit where such characters are admitted; and actions for criminal conversation and seduction will less frequently disgrace our courts of justice.

If a man admits a reputed thief into his house he must expect to be robbed of his property; and if he admits a professed seducer, he may be certain that the chastity of his wife or daughter will be endangered. It is the duty of every parent to prevent his daughters from associating with such women as Mrs. B—n, Lady H——n, Mrs. F—t, the prudish hypocrite, Mrs. R., and every other fashionable prostitute and adulteress; and to protect his wife from the infamous attempts of practised adulterers, notwithstanding he may thus deprive himself for ever of the agreeable and *instructive* society of the RIGHT *honourable* CHARLES GERMAINE, LORD VISCOUNT SACKVILLE.

I am your lordship's obedient servant,

Portman-square. ZENO.

WHISKERED LADIES!

Whiskered ladies! Well, to be sure, Mr. Satirist, there is no knowing what fashion will do with us in the end! I always thought it was the intention of fashion, in all her ordinances, to render us agreeable to the gentlemen; but I really am at a loss to conceive what a gentleman can find to be pleased with in a lady's whiskers. The thing, at first sight indeed, appears so unlikely, that on no less authority than your's, Mr. Satirist, would it obtain any credit here at *Cockermouth*. But I must tell you, you are a great favourite here; and we rely entirely upon you for an account of the state of things in the fashionable world. We were particularly obliged to you for the descriptions which you gave in June,* of the stays *a la Diana*, the *star of fashion*, the *Zava poitrine*, and *pregnant stays*. They have been much in request ever since at *Cockermouth*. We have tried them all in their turns, and in the *natural* order in which they are advertised by Mrs. and Miss Laura Pearce. We began with the stays *a la Diana;* but, I am sorry to say, we did not find them exactly answer their description. We then tried the *star of fashion;* and next to that the *Zava poitrine*, which is truly said "to extend and contract with pleasure." This was a very general favourite; but whether it was from caprice, or that by too frequent expansion the power of contraction was destroyed, the *Zava poitrine* was in time exchanged for the pregnant stays, which are justly styled by their ingenious inventors "the *chef-d'œuvre* of the art."

Having found you, Mr. Satirist, so faithful a reporter on this subject, which at first appeared no less extraordinary than the *whiskers*, it would be unjust to doubt the

* See Satirist, No. IX. p. 360.

correctness of your statement this month,* which announces that whiskers are becoming a fashionable part of female ornament, and "that the Countess Dowager of B—'s whiskers are already in great forwardness." I confess, indeed, that I, as well as several of my friends, imagined you might be in jest; but I was convinced of my mistake by finding the following advertisement several times repeated in the London papers: by which it appears that ladies of fashion not only wear whiskers, but that there is also some favourite colour for the article which is more particularly fashionable.

"*To Ladies of Fashion.*—Such of the nobility, &c. as have tried various preparations for changing the hair, *whiskers*, or eyebrows, without success, are respectfully informed that J. Chasson has discovered a vegetable preparation that will in a few hours have the desired effect; nor does the colour ever vary. By the use of this composition the present troublesome mode of penciling the eyebrows may be avoided, and a chance of discovery in wiping the face entirely prevented. Sold at 42, Cornhill; 47, New Bond-street; and Mr. Wright, Vade's Passage, Bath, in bottles at 1*l.* 1*s.* for the hair, and 10*s.* 6*d.* for the eyebrows and *whiskers*."

Now, Mr. Satirist, though we are certainly at some distance here from the centre of fashion, we still continue to keep within the circle; and if Countesses set the example, it would go much against the *hair* with the belles of *Cockermouth* not to be able to sport their whiskers in as fine style as the best of them. I wish, therefore, to know how they are to be procured. Are they sold at Ross's emporium of beauty, like "*fragrant locks, Eudosian favourites*, and *love locks*?" Though I can scarcely think this, as Mr. Chasson, in the above advertisement, seems

* See Satirist, No. XII. p. 174.

to imply that they are a natural production, because if you buy your whikers, you can of course choose what colour you like. And yet I have never seen any lady of *Cockermouth* with what might be called whiskers; and the little beard I had I have contrived entirely to remove by the help of Hubert's roseate powder and Trent's depilatory. I have seen wonderful effects ascribed to Russian oil,* prepared by some Russian with a name too barbarous for me to recollect. Now if this oil will, as it is said, produce hair on bald places, to what part would it be proper to apply it on the present occasion? For as in different ages and countries the trim and cut of beards have so often varied, and men have sometimes worn them on the upper lip only, sometimes on the chin, sometimes on both, and frequently on neither, it is impossible for me to guess on what part it may be fashionable for the ladies to wear their whiskers. On this very interesting point the favour of early information will most highly oblige all your admirers at *Cockermouth*, and most particularly

Cockermouth, BARBARA BEARDLESS.
Sept. 20, 1808.

P. S. Be so good also to say whether the whiskers should be thin or bushy, curled crisp, or only gently waved; and whether there is any objection to red ones.

The SATIRIST, highly flattered by the favourable opinion of his fair friends at *Cockermouth*, takes the earliest opportunity of correcting the mistake, into which they have been led by his having alluded, in his last

* We are informed in an advertisement, that one gentleman, who was bald, by the use of the oil became, in three months, *covered with hair.*

Number, to the pilosity of a certain Dowager, and in which they have been confirmed by the loose phrase of Mr. Chasson's advertisement. The whiskers of Mr. Chasson's ladies of fashion are a secret which the SATIRIST could never penetrate: he has frequently, however, considered the advertisement, and inclines to attribute the obscurity and difficulty to that very culpable want of precision so common in such productions. Highly as the SATIRIST esteems and honours the Spanish Patriots, and ready as he would be to pay them every just tribute of respect and admiration, he trusts that he shall never see his fair countrywomen sporting whiskers even in compliment to them. In the mean time he can assure the belles of *Cockermouth*, that smooth faces will not exclude them from the circle of fashion, notwithstanding the whiskers of a few old tabbies, who would fain make a virtue of necessity.

Satirist Office, Sept. 25, 1808.

THE JEW AND THE CHEESE.

A TRUE TALE.

SIR *Levi Sterling*, man of mighty name;
Whom all the country *honours* and *reveres*,*
Possessing to a wreath of fame,
At least, a triple claim;
His *wealth* and *title*,
(Neither little),
And a *commission* in the volunteers.

* *I. e.* styles "your *honour*," "your *reverence*," &c. See sequel.

This worthy Baronet, and Lady *fair*,
To take the air,
Forth on a morning rode;
(The muse surmises—in a one-horse chair
Their pretty Hebrew carcases were stowed):
Away they went; and honest John, of course,
Trotted behind them on the purblind horse.

Sir *Levi*, though exalted high,
With Mammon-modesty* e'er kept his eye
Close poring on the ground;
When, lo! his fortune 'twas to spy
A parcel, snug tied round!

"John, vat ish dat upon de vay?"
John, vaulting from his stumbling steed,
Caught up in haste the precious prey,
And opened it with speed:
"A piece of cheese, Sir Levi," answered John;
"A piece of sheeze! Ho, ho! come, give it here;
By ev'ry law dis piece of sheeze my own;
Oh, yes;—'tis very goot, and sheeze is dear!
Pray rise, my lady; let me put avay
Dis *dear, dear* sheeze—*for vich I've nought to pay!*"

Scarce in the locker had he put his prize,
Which still with joy illumed his sunken eyes,
When a poor woman passed, oppressed with care;
Her anxious eye failed not to look
In ev'ry hole, in ev'ry nook,
To find, alas! what was not there.

* "Mammon the least erected spirit that fell
From heav'n; for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought divine or holy."—*Par. Lost*, b. i.

Sir *Levi*, fully bent to show
His *tender* heart could feel for others' woe;
With great good-nature, lolling at his ease,
Demands her grief;—but who can tell
To what a longitude his visage fell,
Soon as he found that *she had lost her Sheeze!!*

He hemmed, he coughed; he shook his head;
Yet not a word of *restitution* said,
But like a thoughtful owl sat blinking;
Till *wicked* John, on mischief bent,
Resolved to mar the Knight's intent,
(A *pize* on shrugs, and nods, and winking!)
Prompted the mourner, in a bolder tone,
Thus to the Knight to make her feelings known:

"I hope, Sir, if your honour's grace has *seen* it,*
You'll please to give it me again; for why,
To *steal* a piece of cheese!—you couldn't mean it,
And who could *think* so, would your grace bely;
So, if it may your worship's glory please,
Right grateful should I be to have my cheese!"

"Please! please de defil!" quoth the furious Knight,
(His face all coloured with a deadly white),
"I fear you be a vitch, or something bad,
De voman's nonsense drive me almost mad!
Dat I have found a piece of sheeze, is true;
But how know I as it belong to you?
I speak you fair,—you tell you sheeze, vat veight,
If dis de same, I gif it to you straight—
If not—you be von sheat!"

* How nicely was this expression *qualified!* What a pity it is that historic truth compels the bard to deviate so widely from "the gentle strain" so soon after!

"Three pounds three quarters, Sir, and rather more;
Wanting a little bit to make it four:"—
"Vell, vell, enough!" in haste Sir *Levi* cries;
"Come to de hall,* dis sheeze I carry home;
I veigh it dere; and if vit me you come,
Shall see *de justice*† mit your own two eyes!"

Arrived at length;—see where Sir *Levi* stands,
Whilst hope and fear by turns his breast assail;
And now he takes the cheese, with trembling hands,
Adjusts the weights, and puts it in the scale
O lofty muse! thy highest strains prepare!
The die is cast, it spins aloft in air!—
Three pounds three quarters, full, of cheese he found!—
The scales, the weights, and cheese, fell mingled on the ground!!‡

Devon, Sept. 14, 1808.

EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER 1808.

MR. SATIRIST,

I CANNOT, for the blood of me, imagine why you should presume to lay your vile, ungodly claws upon the

* M—— hall; his *worship's* seat.

† Sir Levi, bearing a commission of the p—e, as well as of the war, was actually enabled to gratify the good woman with this *interesting* sight!

‡ It is beneath the dignity of poetry to descend to particulars, yet as the reader may probably wish to hear the termination of the affair, we think it necessary to inform him that Sir Levi, "remembering to forget" his *tasting-morsel*, which enabled him to decide so positively on the merits of the cheese on finding it, squabbled with the woman for some time, like a *just* and *upright* m——e as he is; but at length, with *great generosity*, permitted her *to take her own!*

ELECT, or what benefit your malignity of soul can eventually expect to derive from aspersing that *Koran of our craft*, the EVANGELICAL MAGAZINE!

If you are not irrecoverably self-doomed to literary damnation for ever, thou most ungracious varlet! read, Sir, read our last number, *inside* and *outside;* then repent, and be converted to reverence for our pious labours of love and PROFIT. *Inside* and *outside* alike abound with delicious food for meditation and holy joy. For example: there are sixteen closely-printed pages of celestial blue cover, *whence many of us suck no small advantage.* Well! I pass the first page.

In page 2d four tight little *religious babes* of the male sex are advertised for, two of the female *ditto* are wanted as *evangelical* dressmakers and *Gospel* milliners, and one hopeful lad *turned of fourteen years of age* longs for a call to bestir himself amidst drugs, oils, or *medicines! N'importe.*

In page 3d four more *babes of grace* are in requisition as apprentices; two weaned lambs are tendered to religious householders in that capacity; and seven servants (or ministering souls) are wanted, one of whom is for a *serious* family indeed; for "none need apply who are averse to attend the preaching of the Gospel." Of course, the wages at No. 8, Chatham-place, Blackfriars' Bridge, are not *the wages of sin.*

In page 4th one pious curricle groom, one journeyman (or deacon) tallow-chandler, one dissenting cheesemonger, and one serious haberdasher, are severally the objects of sanctified desire: whilst, *e contra*, four women and five men offer their services to the pure in heart. Of the latter, one [who wishes to engage as BAILIFF in a religious family] assures the *elect* that "wages are not his principle object, but rather that of enjoying the means of grace;" and one [who states himself to be a young man in a truly

pious family] seems, alack! to be tired of well-doing, for he "wants a situation in the country."

In page 5th four females long to be seriously engaged; and four males appear equally ready for a call: of the latter, one wishes for a situation in a wholesale LINEN-DRAPERY WAREHOUSE in London, and is, he modestly swears, "a young man of evangelical parts." Towards the bottom of the page, Miss LODGE, who *lodges* young ladies at Harlow, in Essex, wants for a sweet pupil [who has received a liberal education] a situation "where she may have the advantage of attending a Gospel ministry."

In page 6th occur eight similar applications.

In page 7th the widow of a *clergyman* wishes to *accommodate* a gentleman: "a person of evangelical principles (*i. e.* one who has *the gift*) would be preferred."

In page 8th the *religious* public are twice pathetically informed, that two HOYS sail to and from Margate every week: one the *Britannia*, James Gore, master; and one the *Princess of Wales* yacht.

Now, Mr. Satirist, answer me honestly, and say, Did you ever behold, with those irreverent eyes, celestial blue covers so lovelily adorned with holy and devout advertisements? Your conscience, I know, replies, "NEVER, NEVER, NEVER!"

But if the *outside* of our platter shine so fair, in what terms of rapturous eulogy can the *inside* be adequately described? Oh! Sir, it is ALL love,—grace,—mystery,—godliness,—beatitude!!! Take not my word or my oath, you unbelieving caitiff. No, no; I scorn your courtesies: read, read, you heathenish rogue; *read*, READ, I say, and be d*mn*d to everlasting confusion of face.

Our first article [to which a close-shaved phiz by Ridley and Blood, two evangelical artists, is prefixed] is the conclusion of our curious memoir of the Rev. Joel Abra-

ham Knight, of London. In his youth he was a dolt: "the early part of his youth was so strongly marked by a dislike to literary applications,* that at the age of fourteen he could scarcely read or write."† This may appear, at first sight, a circumstance of little importance; but when we consider it as preparatory,—[the best preparation for *our* ministry, you dog, is natural stupidity and aversion to study]—*when*, I say, *we consider it as preparatory* to that scene of activity and usefulness for which his gracious Master had designed him, this *seeming* insignificance vanisheth; and we cannot fail to esteem it the first step in the leadings of that Providence, which ordereth all things in heaven and in earth!" I have here quoted the very words of page 365; for surely no language of mine could more fully *expose* and elucidate the subject. "From this period to the time of his conversion the whole of his leisure hours were devoted to reading or *gay company*." Perhaps, Sir, there is no animal more lively, and pert, and frolicsome, when first caught young, than your true-bred, thorough-blood Methodist. What more sportive than the kitten? what more demure and solemn than the old ram-cat?

> "So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
> A calf of genius, *debonaire* and gay,
> Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
> Fond of the *sprightly fellow* in the stream."—YOUNG.

The Rev. J. A. K.'s "first essays at composition were inserted in the Gospel Magazine, about the latter end of the year 1779." This is *edifying* intelligence; and, if you doubt its accuracy, I shall only add, you may *buy the*

* Pity the dear urchin's pedagogues omitted *other* APPLICATIONS! —*Note, en passant, by the* SATIRIST.

† Can he, properly, now?—SATIRIST.

book. "Mr. K.'s respect for the memory of one of his relations, and a wish to avoid wounding the feelings of another still living, has doubtless led him to glance *very slightly* at the opposition he endured at his outset." Though dull, he is so far prudent; and we know, that before knowledge is discretion. P. 366.

In pages 367, 368, 369, we find copious extracts from his charming "*Pocket-book for* 1807."—Oh! how unlike that ribbald composition of Sir JOHN CARR's arch-tormentor. Take a specimen:—

"I met with the following lines this day;

> "Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,
> Lock up his marvellous decrees;
> Why should I wish him to reveal
> What he thinks proper to conceal?
> It is enough that I believe.
> Heav'n's brighter than I can conceive;
> And he that makes it all his care
> To serve God *here*, shall see him *there*."

The two last lines of this truly exquisite *morçeau*, Mr. Satirist, remind me of a Welch sermon that I once heard: it is short, it is pithy; and, as I fear *you seldom hear the word duly expounded by you regular teachers*,* I will transcribe it from my notes, for your edification and that of your too fashionable readers.

"JOB v. 7.

"*Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards.*

"*My Brethren*,

"I shall divide this brief discourse into three parts: 1. MAN's *ingress*; 2. his *progress*; 3. his *egress*.

* This is constantly the insolent cant of ROWLAND HILL and his disciples.—*Note en passant.*

"1. Man's INGRESS into the world is naked and bare;
2. His PROGRESS through it is with trouble and care;
3. His EGRESS from it is nobody knows where:
To CONCLUDE, if we live well *here*, we shall be well *there*.
I can tell you no more if I preach a whole year."

Take one more beautiful specimen of our serious poetry, in page 370, to the tune of DIBDIN's "*Tight little island.*"

"Though while I'm below,
I painfully know
What other poor pilgrims partake, *Sir*:
I've conflicts and fears,
Temptations and tears,
But Jesus will never forsake, *Sir*."

In page 382 we have a smart essay, signed SHEVA, "ON DOCTRINAL PREACHING." It abounds *dulcibus vitiis*: ex. gr. "Good Mr. Newton used to consider this doctrine like sugar (*an article which all his friends knew he was fond of**) in his tea; it should relish, he would say, the whole, but not be found any where in the lump."

In page 386, under the head EVANGELICANA (black letter) "*the Minister's prayer-book*" is highly droll. In pages 389, &c. Mrs. Taylor's memoirs, and those of Miss Gwennap, who "entered the swellings of Jordan,"† page 392, are inexpressibly interesting in point of style.

In page 401 you are told, *how* on Sunday, 24th July, 1808, the Rev. Rowland Hill opened York-street Chapel, in Dublin; but, alas!—laugh not, thou profane one!—alas! alas! our correspondent adds: "We have no prospect of *supplies* at present on this side of the water; and must look *wholly* to you for them for a time: and we *intreat* the attention of our English brethren to *this* subject."—‡

* This is very slovenly language, Mr. SHEVA.—*Note en passant.*

† A full urinal, peradventure.—*Note en passant.*

‡ "I give them sixpence, I'll see them damn'd first. See the Anti-

So, "I break off abruptly," as Rowland Hill often pleonastically concludes his harangues.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your decided detester,

A SURRY BELWETHER.

PROVINCIAL CHARACTERS DRAWN FROM LIFE.

No. I.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

"Catch if you can this Cynthia of the minute."

MR. SATIRIST,

I AM one of those singularly unfortunate beings whose misery originates in the possession of whatever might make life desirable. In the twenty-fifth year of my age I succeeded a prudent father in an unincumbered hereditary estate of four thousand a year, which I soon afterwards shared with Louisa Freemantle, the daughter of a dignitary well known in the west of England. Louisa was just eighteen; and she had been emancipated from a boarding-school only six months prior to our nuptials. It would be difficult to describe the natural and acquired charms of my bride. She was indeed—

——"more than painter can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love:"

and to complete my felicity she seemed as docile as an infant. One year fled on the downy wings of connubial love, in our pleasant retirement in Wiltshire: a son was the fruit of our union; and Mrs. Whimsey, with the na-

jacobin, or Weekly Examiner, 27th Nov. 1797, quarto, first edition, page 15.—*Note en passant by the* SATIRIST.

tural tenderness of her disposition, engaged in the duteous task of nurse.

A distant female relative visited my wife, and in a few hours subverted the frail structure of my domestic happiness. Our visitor, Lady Wildfire, was a fashionable woman of spirit, who had merely condescended to honour us with her notice in her transit to Bath. This voluptuary, with a vehement eloquence peculiar to high-bred dames, ridiculed our rustic taste, invited my wife to this city of pleasure, and, in spite of my objections, carried her off in triumph. My son and his female attendant became additional appendages to the baggage of Lady Wildfire; and I beheld the procession of two coaches and two postchaises set out from my peaceful mansion at the rate of ten miles an hour. You may judge my terror and regret on this occasion, deprived of my wife and only child in an instant by the finesse of a woman of quality; I shrunk into the original insignificance of a plain country-gentleman, and did not venture to complain.

Lady Wildfire, who treated the whole arrangement with that imperious gaiety peculiar to a woman born to command, told me, at parting, that I might visit at her house in Lansdowne Crescent as soon as I thought proper to accommodate myself to modish life. I therefore considered her carrying off my wife and heir as one of those daring frolics which frequently mark the career of ladies of the *haut ton;* but I resolved soon to restore my lovely Louisa to that retirement of which she had been the ornament.

On my arrival at Bath I visited Lady Wildfire, and found her giving directions to a fashionable milliner respecting my wife's dress, while Louisa passively agreed to every improvement suggested by her noble kinswoman. My wife was glad to see me; an absence of a week endeared a husband, who had ever been attentive to her

wishes; yet I perceived with regret that she had already descended to an imitation of the follies of Lady Wildfire. When I made enquiries about our child, she smiled, and said she hoped the boy was well; he was entrusted to the care of a nurse recommended by her cousin. "A nurse!" exclaimed I. "Yes, Sir, a nurse," reiterated Lady Wildfire. "I suppose Mr. Whimsey is not averse to his child being taken proper care of. Leave the management of your wife and son to me," continued the lady: "you lords of the creation are not entitled to interfere in our domestic arrangements. Louisa is too delicate to suckle such a great boy; and we have therefore employed a healthy young nurse, who officiates as proxy to Mrs. Whimsey." I gazed on my wife—she blushed; a flush of momentary shame kindled on her cheek, but she soon resumed the important subject of dress, and expatiated on the elegance of the newest fashions of London and Paris with an earnestness and volubility that excited both my surprise and regret.

In the course of the following evening she assailed my heart with all the blandishments of tenderness, and persuaded me to make Bath my future place of residence. I was infatuated, and in a fatal moment complied with her entreaties. A superb house in Pulteney-street, a genteel equipage, two additional footmen in rich liveries, a sedan and its supporters, and all the other appendages of an elegant establishment, were immediately realized at the suggestion of Lady Wildfire, who introduced my yet uncorrupted wife to all the circles of fashionable dissipation in this Paradise of fools—this Pandemonium of modern extravagance.

A winter in Bath initiated my unfortunate Louisa in all the mysteries of profusion. She is now a regular frequenter of the pump-room, a subscriber to the public balls, a visitor to Sydney Gardens on gala nights; and,

to crown the whole, she devotes a night in every week to the gaming-table of Lady Wildfire, where in a few months she lost upwards of five thousand pounds.

Her natural modesty is now superseded by the confident air of a woman of fashion; she drives through the principal streets of this city in a superb barouche, attended by two grooms; and if I venture to hint that such a glaring display of her person is unbecoming, she exclaims with a theatrical air—"O, my dear, I love singularity; nay, Lady Wildfire vows that it generally leads to the very acme of desirable notoriety." The little boy is seldom mentioned; and when the nurse pays her customary weekly visit with the child, his mother coldly dismisses him with a kiss and some bauble. But I am more deeply interested in the welfare of my heir, and indeed at present there is no reason to expect an addition to my family, for the short career of Louisa's dissipation has already proved so prejudicial to her health, that she will probably add another victim to the list of those votaries of pleasure who have perished in this city, notwithstanding the boasted salubrity of its "air and waters."

The following precepts, drawn up by the celebrated Lady Wildfire, for the regulation of my wife's conduct, will probably strengthen some of your fair readers in their determination to assert their natural superiority.

"The principal use of a husband to a woman of spirit, is to enable her to pursue her pleasures unmolested by scandal. A fashionable husband of generous sentiments is merely a convenient automaton, subservient to the impulses of that prime mover—his wife. He is only a superior kind of secretary—a purse-bearer, accountable for the debts of his consort, but equally unauthorised to investigate her conduct or her bills. His proper province is the turf, the cockpit, or the regulation of the laws of pugilism. He may frequent the theatre, the tavern, the

gaming-table, the——in short, any place but a church: he must not, however, be troublesome or intrusive at home. There his interference is not only inexpedient but impertinent; for it is the peculiar privilege of a woman of spirit to rule the house and all that it contains."

That my wife has profited by the advice of her fashionable Minerva is but too evident from the foregoing characteristics; and my poor Louisa only requires the further perversion of her heart, by conjugal infidelity, to entitle her to rank even with the most notorious ladies who illumine the circles of fashion in London.

I am, &c.

Bath, Sept. 1808. HENRY WHIMSEY.

ESSAYS ON MODERN ENGLISH POETRY.

ESSAY I.

Poeta nascitur non fit.

IT may appear presumptuous to controvert the truth of our motto, supported as it is by authority of ancient critics and ancient bards; but in this age of wonders, it must be evident to common sense, that most of the modern votaries of the muses are neither born nor made poets. They merely assume the character, like players; and it must be confessed that they perform their part with great cleverness, insomuch that the public often bestow upon their imitations that approbation due only to original merit. Indeed our poets, like our philosophers, multiply so fast, that they seem to spring spontaneously from the earth, like mushrooms. Many of our great and illustrious bards of perishable notoriety have soared above the impediments of obscurity: thus we can boast of a pastoral

shoemaker, a lyric simpleton,* and an epic attorney. These gentlemen claim the meed of genius without any other pretension than their own superlative vanity, or the egotism of some Capel Loft to puff them into temporary popularity. But it is not improbable that many of our male and female versifiers are deceived by the assertions of modern critics, who, like Dr. Aikin, seem to think the art of poetry as attainable as the art of fiddling. This new hypothesis, advanced in direct opposition to the decision of the ancients, must have originated in the consciousness of that facility with which mere plodders have been enabled to arrogate the dignity of critics and philosophers, by the assumption of superior gravity, supported by sonorous assertions and impious conjectures. But as it is well known that the sophistry of those self-dubbed sages will not bear the test of sober investigation, it is to be apprehended that the pretensions of those geniuses whom they have, in the plenitude of their liberality, extolled as poets, will vanish into air before the light of reason.

In our critical strictures on the merit of contemporary English poets, whose praises have been proclaimed by one or another of the impartial critics of the day, our epic bards are undoubtedly entitled to precedence; and we may without hyperbole proudly challenge the world to produce such a constellation of heroic genius as at this moment irradiates our favoured island. We can boast of no less than three epic poets now living, but born, alas! to die! What continental critic, then, will venture to dispute the pre-eminence of British genius, not only over ancient Greece and Rome, but modern Europe, in its highest state of intellectual refinement?

> "Ages elaps'd ere Homer's muse was heard,
> And ages ere the Mantuan bard appear'd."

---

* Q. d. W-rdsw-rth.

But in this prolific age of genius, innumerable poets have started for the goal of immortality, and, inspired with the frantic rapture of Clio herself, have impelled poor Pegasus with whip and spur: glorious competitors for the meed of fame! who

"From Nature's bounds with brave disorder pant;"

and produce verses which would reflect honour on the enlightened professors of poetic phrenzy now resident in Bedlam and St. Luke's.

Among the various epic poems which have recently issued from the English press, those of the witty and the wise, the modest and the illustrious Southey, claim the approbation of every good-natured reader who is blest with sufficient patience to labour through those well printed, but heavy, volumes of absurdity and inanity. Ah, Robert Southey, Robert Southey! thou mightest have shone a luminary among pettifoggers, but thou art a "*tenebrificous star*" among epic poets, and remindest us of the incorrigible bard

"who scrawls
With desp'rate charcoal on his darken'd walls."

Another Bristol competitor* for the epic laurel has favoured the world with his "Alfred;" great, but ill-fated Alfred, whose fame, like that of Arthur, is destined to slumber in the somnific gloom of a ponderous volume of nonsense.

A North Briton has favoured the world with his "Britannia," an epic poem, in twenty books; but had this book-making wight attended to the ancient precept, *nosce teipsum*, he could not so egregiously have mistaken his talent for composition. He probably could write an elaborate critique upon Homer, Virgil, or Milton; but to

* Doctor C,

emulate those bards!—"Ah, Doctor Ogilby, no more of that if you love us." One beneficial consequence, however, results from the perusal of these feeble attempts at poetic composition; the reader, by a recurrence to the genuine productions of the muse, is the better enabled to relish and appreciate the well-founded claims of genius.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. VI.

We have been favoured with a most amusing letter from some knight errant, who has boldly declared himself the champion of offended VICE, and threatens us with his high displeaure and resentment, if we do not desist from our monthly delineation of NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS. His epistle is short and sweet; we shall therefore present it to our readers.

"*Gentlemen,*

"If ye are gentlemen," (aye, there's the rub!) "though I doubt the fact from your concealing your names, and preventing me from punishing you for abusing the most distinguished" (*infamous*, he should have said) "persons in the country, and among others my particular friends," (how shocking!) "*who* you have abused under the *name* of CLARA and ALMEIRA, *which you know to be false.*" [How incomprehensible!) "If you will declare who you are, and stand forward like "*a man*," (How *singular!*) "you shall find they have a friend" (Only *one* between them?) "who will revenge their wrongs;" (How kind!) "and if you do not, and persist in giving what you call "NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS," I am

determined to drag you from your *impenetrable* retreats;" (How astonishing!) "therefore be cautioned by

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

What were Don Quixote and Hudibras compared to this tremendous ENGLISHMAN? We wish, however, for the *honour of our country*, that he had proved his claim to the signature he has assumed, by writing *English*. Of course we most earnestly desire to conciliate *such* an enemy; but, alas! *we* are sorry to observe that it is not in *our* power to stand forward like "*a man*," for we cannot discover any means by which *plurality* and *unity* can be made to resemble each other: probably as he *threatens* to enter "our *impenetrable* retreats," which appears to *us* equally impossible, he can instruct us how to achieve this desirable event. Scared by his caution, we shall endeavour to shield ourselves, for *one little month*, from the dreadful consequences of his resentment (which seems only to be violent in the cause of the fair sex), by presenting to our readers the portrait of a noble delinquent of the *masculine gender*.

Equal in rank and arrogance to the execrable SUPERBUS, whose character we delineated in our eleventh number, the sensualist MUTIUS is resolved, if possible, to surpass him in infamy. If SUPERBUS, by connecting himself with one detestable woman, broke the heart of an amiable wife, this vile old sinner accomplished the same crime by attaching himself to *a whole family*; and, dreadful to relate, three sisters alternately shared, and still continue to share, the monster's incestuous bed. Their impious mother sits a silent spectatress at the splendid board, and sanctions by her presence the prostitution and drunken excesses of her abandoned daughters. A numerous society of veteran debauchees daily assemble at the mansion of MUTIUS; and the *ladies* scruple not to mingle

in the Bacchanalian orgies and obscene rites, which are celebrated in open defiance of decency and shame. Till the death of his father, which recently occurred, the income of MUTIUS was by no means considerable; but by withholding even the *necessaries* of life from his unhappy daughters (who are fortunately protected by an amiable relative of their deceased mother), he contrived to maintain his prostitutes in luxury and splendor. His father had, at a very advanced age, married a beautiful young woman, who generously refused to have any jointure settled upon her, and only required the possession of her own fortune after her husband's death, which lawyers were employed to secure. MUTIUS has, however, discovered a flaw in the settlement, and basely robbed her of every shilling.

We have heard insanity pleaded in extenuation of this man's crimes; but we fear the heart is more distempered than the head: at any rate, even a *madman* should not be suffered thus openly to outrage decency, and insult morality.

How truly disgusting is it to hear this hoary miscreant, whose toothless jaws, shrunk shanks, and dropsical figure, warn him of approaching death, relate, with all the tediousness of age, the most obscene and filthy anecdotes; and to behold him, in the midst of his impious revels, affecting all the pompous dignity of an ancient feudal Baron. It is scarcely to be wondered at that the eldest son of such a father should be guilty of practices so abominable, that even in these days, when almost every species of vice is tolerated, no man who is not the victim of similar propensities has the temerity to call him friend.

Notwithstanding the infamy of Mutius, he adds to his other titles the honorary distinction of F.R.S, L.L.D., and A.S.S. Let the societies that conferred them blush at the horrible prostitution of their dignities!

This is Lord Chesterfield, and the three Sisters, the Misses Walcups - who father was a Hairdresser and dressed me! - he seemed a good kind of man, died of a decline from the effects of his dressing - old powder & pomatum

A CHARACTER.

No. XIII.

FANCY alike her visions can dispense
To Folly's votaries and the sons of Sense;
And each indulging in her waking dreams,
Plans of amended law—ideal schemes.
But Sense her crude conceptions keeps repress'd
In the close precincts of her cautious breast;
While Folly blazons wide, unaw'd by shame,
Each monstrous form her wild delusions frame,
Pours forth her nonsense to the gaping crowd,
Proud of her vain designs, and thinks aloud.
Hence the bold Major would depend no more
On legions trained in Battle's rugged lore,
But calls the Sheriff and his rabble train,
To guard from Buonoparté—Albion's plain.
From him we learn what History's erring page
Ne'er yet unfolded to the astonish'd age;
That in Poitier's and Cressy's bloody fray,
The Posse Comitatus won the day:
Alike of council and of war the boast,
It forms the senate and supplies the host;
While Cobbett brings the senseless stuff to light,
And a knave publishes what fools indite.
Major, proceed to Spain, thy aid afford,
Illume at once her cities and her sword.
Soon will Sir Richard's annual reign be o'er,
And Middlesex obey his hosts no more;
Let him to scenes of new command repair,
And to Iberia's shores extend his care;

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

Let him to all her potent chiefs succeed,
Return her Senates, and her Posses lead
A kindred genius, till the Major see,
As brave, as witty, and as wise as he.

STRICTURES ON COBBETT.

No. II.

MR. COBBETT (according to his own account) was born in the year 1766. His father was a farmer, and his grandfather a day labourer. His birth place he has had the prudence, or the ingratitude, to conceal. His childish occupations were "driving the small birds from the turnip seed, harrowing barley, weeding wheat, and driving the plough." He first went to school to an old woman, who having failed in "*learning*" him his letters, he came under the tuition of his father, who "*learnt*" him to read, and write, and "gave him a pretty tolerable knowledge of arithmetic."

In the progress of his narration however, we find many reasons to doubt whether he was quite so diligent and industrious as he at first represents himself to have been. His father (whose temper he allows to have been as obstinate, and whose political opinions were nearly as foolish as his own) having sent him to visit a relation at Portsdown, he felt an irresistible impulse to run off to sea, but being prevented from executing his design, by the kindness of Captain Berkley, he returned home, equipped himself in his holiday clothes, and succeeded in escaping to London, without a friend to direct his footsteps, without any probable means of subsistence, and with only two and sixpence in his pocket!

Here, by the interest of a Hop Merchant, "who was one of the passengers in the stage," and who had dealt with his father, he was engaged in the honourable office of "under-strapper to a quill-driver," and the next day saw him perched on a "great high stool," in an obscure chamber at Gray's Inn, endeavouring to decypher the pothooks and hangers of Mr. Holland. From this place he was frightened by the *ugliness* of his laundress, and he soon relinquished "the honourable profession of the law" for the situation of private in a regiment of foot, which all his knowledge of military artifice had not secured him from mistaking for a company of marines!

The first year of his service as a private, he "devoted to reading and study." He subscribed to a circulating library at Brompton, and novels, plays, history, poetry, and *grammar*, "were all read, and with nearly equal avidity. To the last of these subjects it might have been supposed that he had paid but little of his attention, but since he assures us, that "*he read and studied it with unremitted labour*, that "*he repeated it every morning and evening*," and that "*when on guard, he imposed upon himself the task of saying it over once every time he was posted centinel*," we can only regret that industry so surprising, and so laudable, should have proved so completely unsuccessful.

The greater part of his military career he has passed over with the most cautious silence. It may be collected however, that he was at one time an amanuensis to Colonel Debeig, that some time in the year 1785, he was sent to Nova Scotia, that he was raised at last to the rank of Serjeant Major, that on the 3rd of November 1791, he landed at Portsmouth, and that on the 19th of the same month, he received his discharge,

after having served eight years "*without being once disgraced, confined, or reprimanded**."

A few months after his discharge, he married. In the month of March 1792, he took a trip to France, and in the October following landed at New-York.—*How* he contrived to pay the expences of his travels, or to support himself in the interval, he has not chosen to inform us.

Soon after his arrival in the United States, he received a note from Mr Jefferson, in answer to a letter of introduction from the American ambassador at the Hague. Of this letter he feels much anxiety to prove the authenticity, without having the good sense to perceive that it contains only a cool refusal of his services.

We now find him established in America as the professed champion of royalty †. His early writings are sufficiently known to the English reader as presenting a curious contrast to his later publications. Of his quarrels with the booksellers, his various artifices to promote the sale of his pamphlets, and the means to which he was obliged to have recourse for subsistence, we shall speak more fully hereafter. In the year 1796, he took a house in Second Street, Philadelphia, for the "purpose of carrying on the bookselling business." Of this plan and its consequences, we must permit him to give his own representation.

"As the time approached for opening my shop, my friends grew more anxious for my safety. It was recommended to me to be cautious how I exposed at my

* Query. Did he never abscond, or in plain English *desert*, to avoid being "*confined* or reprimanded?" for having preferred false and vexatious charges against his commanding officer.

† In consequence we presume of Mr. Jefferson's *impoliteness*.

window any thing that might provoke the people, and, above all, not to put up any aristocratical portraits, which would certainly cause my windows to be demolished."

"I saw the danger, but also saw that I must at once set all danger at defiance, &c.—I put up in my windows, which were very large, all the portraits which I *had in my possession* of *kings, queens, princes, and nobles. I had all the English ministry*, &c. &c."

He then states, that on the 17th of July 1796, a Mr. Elmslie called upon him, and shewed him a letter, signed, "*A Hint*," which had been just received by his partner Mr. Olden, who was Mr. Cobbett's landlord. The contents of this Epistle were to inform Mr O. that if he wished to preserve his house and property, he must eject Mr. Cobbett, who had excited the popular resentment, by exposing in his windows *courtly* prints, &c. to such a degree, that they had resolved that brick walls "should not screen the rascal from punishment,"—&c. &c.

That this letter was supposed to be a forgery, Mr. Cobbett has himself informed us, and the accusation is too firmly supported to be refuted by such arguments as his. That a writer, "whose name, till he had taken his house, was almost totally unknown," should excite the undivided attention of such a place as Philadelphia, and that he should at that time be considered by any class of society as an object worthy of their resentment, is too improbable to be believed by any one.

Neither is the internal evidence of a tendency less suspicious than the circumstances under which it was introduced to the notice of the American citizens. The strange orthography of the word *pucillanimity*, displays more cunning than ignorance, and the language and diction are those of a man accustomed to compo-

sition, endeavouring to conceal his peculiarities of style by *wilful mistakes, and premeditated blunders.*

Mr. Cobbett exclaims,

"Can any one be stupid enough to imagine that I would, particularly at this time, run the risk of being detected in so *shameful a business*, and how would it have been undertaken without running that risk? Had I written it myself, there would have been my hand-writing against me, and had I employed another, that other might have betrayed me. He might have *ruined me in* the *opinion* of all those whom it was my interest as well as my pride to be esteemed by, or at best I should have been at his mercy for ever afterwards."—Porcupine's Works, Vol. IV.

Of the *real* effect which such considerations produced upon his mind, and of the sincerity of his professions, the following extract will enable our readers to judge:—

"This is a letter which I wrote to the Gazette, *under the signature of a Correspondent against* the second part of the *Bone to Gnaw*," (one of his own productions). "The letter is now printed by Bradford, and may, for ought I know, be a very correct copy. I remember the time, and all the circumstances well. Bradford, who is as eager to get money into his hands as he is unwilling to let it out again, repeatedly asked me for a *puff* to this pamphlet. I at last complied, *not that I was unwilling to do it at first*, (for I had bored the cunning Grandchild of the Cunning Almanack-Maker several times before) but I could with difficulty spare time to write it. A *puff indirect* is what I stand accused of, and *as I have no arguments at hand to prove the moral fitness of the thing*, I must, as pleaders do in *all knotty points*, appeal to precedents."—Vol. IV. page 125.

It appears, therefore, that the same action which he stigmatizes at one time by the epithet of *shameful*, he is willing at another to consider as an *innocent artifice*; and that the danger of detection which he repre-

sented in July as sufficient to deter him from writing such a letter, in August lost *all its* terrors!

It is only when he is detected in his artifices, beyond the power of evasion, that he finds it convenient to deny their *meanness* or *immorality.*

Mr. Cobbett wishes to evade these conclusions, by asserting that a puff is *only* an act of meanness, "when its motive is self interest." Allowing for a moment this supposition to be true, it is scarcely necessary to prove that it is *nothing to the purpose.* "The puffing for fame," he says, "belongs to him;" and it is evident, that whatever might be his agreement on the occasion alluded to, his *future* profits must be, in a great measure, proportioned to the extent of his reputation; and the guilt of the action is the same, whether its influence was distant or immediate.

We have dwelt the longer upon this point because we conceive that it displays such absurdity of argument, and such weaknesss of conduct, as must at once destroy Mr. Cobbett's pretentions to either judgement or consistency.

That the *first* of these letters was written by himself, no one who considers his behaviour respecting the *second,* will be inclined to doubt, and even if his accusers were on this occasion mistaken, it is sufficiently evident that he was not prevented from writing such an epistle by any abhorrence of *literary artifice.*

The zeal with which he elevated the head of George the 3rd, to the wondering eyes of the people of Philadelphia, presents a singular contrast to his present language, and proves, pretty clearly, what we shall more fully demonstrate in the progress of our strictures, his laxity of principle, and instability of judgement. How different is his language in the passage we have quoted, from that of the 3rd and 30th of July! We

shall not pollute our pages with the exhibition of remarks which display so little judgement, modesty, and decency.

We shall be told, no doubt, that opinions may be corrected; that time has a powerful influence in destroying the illusions of prejudice; and that few things are more honorable to the judgement, or virtue of a reasoner, than an ingenuous openness to conviction. But waving for the present the discussion which such an apology might naturally occasion, we shall merely enquire how far Mr. Cobbett is inclined to grant the same indulgence to others which he requires for himself.

On this subject, we and our readers may form a tolerably correct opinion from his observations on Tom *Paine's* want of consistency, in having first abused General Washington in a letter published in America, and afterwards praised him in his "*Rights of Man.*"

After quoting the inconsistent passages in his "Political Censor" for December 1796, Mr. Cobbett expresses his indignation in the following violent language, which may, without injustice or indecency be applied to himself.

"Now atrocious, infamous miscreant! '*look on this picture, and on this.*' I would call on you to blush, but the rust of villainy has eaten your cheek to the bone. Are these the proofs of your disinterestedness and consistency? Is it thus that you are always the same, and that you *preserve through life* the right-angled character of man?"—*Porcupine's Works*, Vol. IV. page 331.

We have thus presented an epitome of his adventures, from his labours in the turnip field to his establishment in the United States. It should not be forgotten, however, that all the materials of our sketch have been supplied by himself, and that we have

purposely deferred communicating those reports which are so generally circulated by his former acquaintances in America, and those facts which we have obtained from the most *authentic* sources. We wished to shew, that even according to his representation of himself, there was little in his personal character that could justify the tone of independent confidence which he so frequently assumes; and our readers will find, that in the course of our next month's Stricture, we shall bring forward some *damning* evidence against this vain, virulent, and unprincipled man.—*Sept.* 11.

The preceding strictures were written without the intention of applying any of the facts that they contain till our next number. A circumstance equally pleasing and unexpected has, however, induced us to change our resolution. The severity of our last month's strictures, has deprived him not only of his temper, but of his usual cunning, and led to such an exposition of his character, as will render it difficult for our readers to determine whether he is more to be pitied for his weakness, or detested for his malice. We had, indeed, many reasons for believing that he would not suffer us to pass entirely unnoticed! But we imagined, that he would proceed to the attack enveloped in such a maze of sophistry, as would render the refutation of his calumnies a task of some little labour.

If such were the conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Cobbett's *usual* conduct on similar occasions, our readers will easily conceive our surprise and satisfaction on the perusal of the following elegant, and sarcastic paragraphs. They place in so just a light his talents for fine writing, the elegance and spirit of his satire, and the nature of his pretentions to the character of a gentleman, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing them to the particular notice of our readers.

After *dignifying* the SATIRIST with the appellation of "a catch-penny publication" in his remarks upon Sir Richard Phillips, he proceeds to state, that some author has employed his pen in writing "*a burlesque*" account of that notorious Knight, entitled, "Memoirs of the public and private Life of Sir Richard Phillips, &c."

"His old friends, the SATIRIST," says he, "who *probably* wrote the book for the purpose, have taken it up as a subject to review, have chosen to consider it as a *serious* statement, and have thus made it a two-edged instrument for the purpose of goading him and his family."—Pol. Register, Sept. 10, page 396.

"When one contemplates the mean trick to which these men *have resorted* in *writing* a book for the purpose of having it to review, &c."

"These men have no principle. They hate not any vanity that Sir Richard may have. They hate him because he has a dinner and shoes, they have neither. They are *said to be*," (by whom, Mr. Cobbett?) "six or eight authors whom he has been obliged to discharge for *stupidity*," * *&c.—Pol.* Register, Sept. 10, page 397.

"They write *by the foot*," (a new way of writing for those who have not lost *their hands*) "they come to the pay-table of a Saturday night like weavers or tinkers, whose master (*who* is our *master*, Mr. Cobbett?) must long ago have discharged them, had not Sir Richard indiscreetly furnished their collection of trash with an interesting topic."

"Their names are cautiously disguised, and that for more reasons than one. Their retreats are more secret, and far more filthy than the fox or pole cat. I would bet the worth of their work, that all the clothes upon all their backs, would not sell for fifty shillings."---Pol. Reg. Sept. 10, p. 398.

* Now, Mr. Cobbett, we beg leave to ask—Did you never express to that "*Milch Cow of the Democrats*," Mr. Bosville, either directly or indirectly, your high approbation of the *wit* and *talents* of the conductors of the Satirist? We mean *before* they presumed to expose your *iniquities*.

The first thing that will strike our readers on the perusal of these extracts, is the gross inconsistency of Mr. Cobbett's assertions:—He first *supposes* us to be the authors of the Memoirs of Sir Richard Phillips, and then comments upon that *supposition* as if it were *a fact*.

Now we do not hesitate to assert, without the fear of being suspected of having caught Mr. Cobbett's unfortunate *distemper*, * that he is well aware that these Memoirs were not intended for "a *burlesque*," and that he never did really imagine they were written by us. *We* know that they were principally compiled by one of Sir Richard's *Toad-Eaters*, and we have reason to believe that the Knight himself contributed some of the materials. But by what fatality a man, who has owned himself willing to write a puff whenever he is paid for one (Porcupine's Works, page 125, Vol. IV.) who has defended the art of puffing with the most industrious pertinacity, and whose whole life has been devoted to the composition of temporary pamphlets, should chance to talk about "catch-penny publications," and to express the most violent indignation against those very practices which he has so often found it convenient to represent as consistent with every principle of justice, we are utterly unable to conceive. When Mr. Cobbett resided in America, he does not appear to have felt any of that moral delicacy with which his nerves are so powerfully affected on the perusal of the *Satirist*. *He is only a Christian or a Moralist when he can render Christianity and Morality subservient to his convenience.*

* The cacoethes mentiendi, or *Alethiphobia*.

The low and infamous ribaldry of the concluding paragraphs, is almost too contemptible to notice. Mr. Cobbett, like other dealers in vulgarity, mistakes abuse for satire, and indecency for wit. When he is himself the object of attack, he is willing to shelter his personal character behind the laws of "gentlemanly discussion," but no sooner does he himself examine the productions of a literary antagonist, than he forgets his former regard for the courtesy of literature, and assaults him with all the grossness of a coal-heaver, and all the fierceness of a bully. Every circumstance that he can discover or *invent* to the discredit of his personal respectability, is carefully presented to the public as a proof of his literary incapacity, and his political ignorance.

For ourselves, indeed, we can with confidence defy the utmost power of Mr. Cobbett's personal scurrility. Prevented, as we are, by the peculiar nature of our duty, from a formal disclosure of our claims to the confidence of the public, they have yet sufficient knowledge of our *real situation* in society, to be convinced that we are far superior to the low insinuations of such a character as Mr. Cobbett. Every person is acquainted with the names of the principal contributors to the Edinburgh Review, though it would, perhaps, be neither prudent nor delicate, formally to disclose them. The same, we have reason to believe, is the situation of the Satirists, and the assertions of Mr. Cobbett display either a deplorable ignorance of the literary world, or a disgraceful and criminal indulgence in habitual falsehood.

But if his accusations appear foolish and malignant, when considered abstractedly, how much more foolish and malignant must they appear, as the production of a writer, who was once in that very situation which he

falsely accuses us of occupying, and which he now contemplates with such unnatural antipathy! That a man, who has risen from the rank of a private soldier to that of a scribler of "Catch-Penny Publications," whose cloathing was for *eight* years supplied him by the public, whose profit from the first pamphlet that he published in America, amounted to the enormous sum of *one shilling* and *seven-pence halfpenny*, and the whole of whose early life was passed in the utmost indigence * should mention the wearing of a thread-bare coat, and "the scribling for pay," as unpardonable crimes, is a circumstance equally surprising and ridiculous.

If the approbation of the public has rendered the *Satirist* a source of pecuniary advantage, it is a result upon which it was impossible for us to calculate at the commencement of our labors. The sale of *two thousand* copies monthly, would scarcely pay *our expences*; and to have anticipated such a sale, at the commencement of our labors, would have displayed more vanity than judgement.

The severity with which he treats our literary qualifications, has had little effect on our tranquillity. The malice of detected felons, and the anger of irritated authors, has long since ceased to torment us. The pleasures of ineffectual rage and disappointed vanity, we shall leave to the enjoyment of our adversaries. Christian meekness is a very necessary virtue in a satirical writer, and we, for our own parts, should not have the folly to complain, were it even asserted that we wrote like Mr. Cobbett!

September 13, 1808.

(No. III. in our next.)

* See Porcupine's Life, written by himself.

COLLEGE OF BOOK-MAKERS.

MR. SATIRIST,

THE philanthropic zeal manifested by several of the literati, in this auspicious age of general improvement is unparalleled, but many invaluable efforts of our English philanthropists are ineffectual, for want of that unition of talent which would render the sapient professors of science and literature, a constellation for the illumination of society.

Impressed with the importance of this truth, I beg leave to suggest the establishment of a new literary institution, to be denominated the COLLEGE OF BOOK-MAKERS. As it is well known that the opulence of our writers is merely intellectual, it will be requisite for those publishers who have profited by the successful depredations of Book-Makers, to unite their pecuniary aid for the erection of an edifice suitable to the dignity of the institution. As the purpose of this learned association will be the general diffusion of knowledge, experienced professors in the arcana of the science of book-making, in every department of literature, will be requisite. The following list of a few of the most celebrated *illuminati* of Great Britain, is therefore submitted to the serious consideration of all persons whom it may concern.

Mr. G—dw—n, to be appointed Professor of Theology and Moral Philosophy. The result of his perversion of truth and embellishment of error, to be *presented* to the public by the modest and pious Sir Richard Phillips, Knight of the *Brazen Visor*.

W. M—v—r L.L.D. Professor of History. His mutilations of antient history, and fragments of modern travels and tours, to be published for the general edification of the rising generation, by the aforesaid doughty Knight of the Brazen Visor, whose success in the art of Book-Making, is a demonstration of the patient credulity of the public.

W—lt—r Sc—tt, Esq. to preside as the Apollo of modern poetasters, including the venerable names of the heroic R. S—th—y, the delicious and delicate Miss Ow—ns—n, and her lovely compeer Laura, Sophia T—mpl—, the unintelligible Mr. M—ntg—m—y, and the rest of the tribe of affectation, who require the castigation of a second Baviad.

Mr. P—nk—rt—n, Professor of Geography and Collector of Voyages and Travels. As an assistant he may employ, the unassuming * * * B * * * * * *, Esq.! Editor-general, and literary dry-muse of perishable Mercuries, and professor of Book-Making in all the various stages of imposition.

A Professor of History will be indispensible, but where are we to look for the mighty genius adequate to the Herculean task in this age of historic authenticity and genuine biography? The polite and unostentatious Mr. B—lsh—m, alone seems equal to the arduous office; or should he decline the honor of the appointment, perhaps Sir R. Phillips might favor the institution with one of his literary drudges, who so profusely bestows virtues on many insignificant individuals, whose memoirs are annually fabricated in the Book Manufactory of Bridge Street.

It will, doubtless, be difficult to find a professor sufficiently depraved to qualify him for the important task of managing the department of miscellaneous literature, especially satirical novels, and scandalous pam-

phle's. Perhaps the disinterested J. F. H—gh—s, T. T—gg, or G. H—gh—s, could nominate a *gentleman* or *lady* of disinterested excellence in the art of invention, *alias story telling*.

It might be advisable to appoint Sir Richard Phillips Provost of this college; no individual in London has a fairer claim to preside among Book-Makers, and his well-known and praiseworthy industry in the arts of speculation and puffing, would invigorate this infant institution. Under the auspices of this modern Mecenas, what an animated revival of letters might be realized! Volumes, now half consumed by the book-worm, might rise with renewed lustre from their own ashes, like that Phœnix Sir Richard Phillips, and again adorn the libraries of the curious with a combination of the decorative arts of the paper-maker, the typographer, the hot-presser, the engraver, and the book-binder: thus affording employment to a multitude of industrious individuals. The old book shops in Oxfort Street would afford an abundant supply of raw materials for the use of the college; and the great and magnanimous Sheriff of London might be hailed as the restorer of learning at the commencement of the nineteenth century. Let no rash mortal henceforward condemn the impositions and puffs of Book-Makers;* who are active and patriotic citizens; and although they may not be able to rise to the enviable station of Lord Mayor of London, or even the dignity of Alderman, they may in succession adorn the Old Bailey in the honourable office of hangman, with amiable humanity and Knightly eclat.

* The respectable booksellers of the metropolis, who are too proud to submit to any of the above practices, must not expect to fill any place of honor, or profit in the projected COLLEGE.

S. Tipper, Printer, Leadenhall Street.

FEMALE COBBLERS.

PORTRAITS FROM LIFE.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam.

You must know, Mr. Satirist, I am a young man, well established in a snug wholesale and retail warehouse in this great metropolis; my returns are constant, my profits handsome, my customers numerous, my dealings fair. Still, Mr. Satirist, I am not yet quite happy, but pass many an idle hour in the evening, disconsolate at home, or dissatisfied abroad: in the laconic words of Gil Blas de Santillane, vol. iii. chap. 10, "au milieu des faveurs de la fortune je sens qu'il me manque quelque chose;" or, more explicitly, in the comprehensive language of Hannah More, I find myself in want of "a being who can comfort and counsel me; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate, and all that; one who can assist me in my affairs, lighten my cares, sooth my sorrows, purify my joys, strengthen my principles, and educate my children, when I have any." In short, do you take me? I WANT A WIFE. Alas! Sir,

"She's no where to be found, yet every where!"

My *coup d'essai* in search of a helpmate was made at the house of a friend of my late father's; a worthy quondam tradesman like ourselves, who has long retired from business, with a crummy dame and six buxom daughters, to his substantial mansion at Islington. The hearty old man had often jeered me for my single life, extolled the comforts of matrimony with all the enthusiasm of Sir

Richard Phillips, assured me of his sincere good will, invited me to pass a week at his house in the shooting season, and slily hinted that, besides the four-footed ramblers of the glade and the winged denizens of air, a staunch sportsman (if properly *licensed)* might chance to pick up a tit-bit of *game* in his grounds: concluding, candidly, without a figure, that he had—thank heaven!—six marriageable girls, all well educated and highly accomplished, and he should be right happy to call either of them Mrs. *Homespun*, if I could like her, and prevail upon Miss to accept the appellation.

Last September, Mr. Satirist, aye, *anno domini* 1807, I threw my leg over a hackney, and cantered to Islington with a beating heart.—A warm shake of the hand, "How are you?" and "My dears! Mr. Homespun;—Mr. Homespun, my wife and family," settled me at once the favoured guest of Zachary Wilcock, Esquire.

I. Of Miss Grace Wilcock it might be truly said,

> "Grace was in all her steps,.....
> In every gesture dignity."

Balls and assemblies, I soon found, were her "*dear* delight;" she talked, indeed, of little else; her health seemed very delicate; and her mamma observed, "she feared Grace would dance herself into a *consumption*." At that word I started!

II. Miss Amelia asked me, all in a breath, about musical parties, operas, and concerts; the charming Siboni, the *tender* Naldi, the divine Catalani: what new piece Braham was composing; whether Kelly borrowed all his last overture from Germany or Italy; whether I preferred vocal or instrumental music; and of the latter, which liked I best, the fortepiano, or the harp?

III. Miss Angelica ran on for "an hour by Shrewsbury

clock," in comparative praises of Rubens, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Caracci, &c. &c. kindly asking my opinion at each successive stage of her apparently endless rhapsody. I fear I made some cursed blunder at last; for she ended with biting her lips, bridling, and tossing her head. And yet, Sir, it can hardly be that; for I only asked her very civilly and seriously (when I found at last an opportunity to edge in the question sideways), whether she had ever, in the course of study, seen the sign of Johnny Gilpin, and had heard who was the author of that exquisitely humorous painting? I am no artist, Mr. Satirist; but I can tell what pleases my taste as well as you or any body else: no offence, I hope.

IV. Miss Martha enquired whether I thought pieces were best in dotting or in stroke? I blushed up to the ears, Sir, in sheer ignorance of the delicate terms used by professed engravers. Her father with a "Fie, girl!" and a frown, changed the conversation.

V. Miss Dorothea, I learnt, had embellished the niches in her papa's hall, the recesses in his parlour, the *points de vûe* of his vistas, &c. with elegant male and female nudities, *à la mode de Damer*, in every interesting position that the fair virgin could conceive might please the old gentleman. Of the Apollo, the Bacchus, the Hercules, the Silenus, the Satyrs, *almost* every part was admirably exhibited in just proportion; and where the modest damsel's knowledge seemed least conspicuous, she had evidently adopted the maxim, "omne *ignotum* pro MAGNIFICO habendum."

VI. Lastly, Miss Susan, delicate Miss Susan, I discovered was a FEMALE COBBLER!!! Her father's boots, her mother's slippers, her own buskins, the shoes and clogs of all her sisters, nay, the very pattens of the maid-servants, were all her handy-work: she had a regular

stall, a leathern apron, a strap, a lap-stone, "*wax, bristles, and awl.*" Her conversation was all double-stich, cork sole, and Cordovan leather.

I staid my week, *en famille*, with this lovely half-dozen. I perceived Miss Grace to be a virtuous figurante, "docta saltare elegantiùs, quam necesse est probæ;" Miss Amelia has too many musical crotchets in her head to suit a plain tradesman like me; Miss Angelica, with her oils, her turpentine, and her paints, would poison my customers away; Miss Martha's style is too significant, and her pursuits are too dull for me. I am quite contented with the view, alone, of Miss Dorothea's exhibitions, although I shrewdly suspect that, upon a more intimate and interesting acquaintance, she would by no means feel satisfied with mine. A whole year, Mr. Satirist, has elapsed, and I am still an undecided bachelor; but I do conscientiously think, that if the ingenious Miss Susan could be prevailed upon to remit somewhat of her quotidian tiresome and distracting toil, and to rub off the pitch that so often nauseously defiles her taper digits,—yes, Sir, I do think I should be very willing, in Jobson's phraseology, to

"Stick to the *last*."

I remain, Sir, your's, respectfully,

THOMAS HOMESPUN.*

* See Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education; with a View of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune: by Hannah More. Fourth edition, vol. i. chapter 4. "Comparison of the mode of female education in the last age *with the present*."

Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?

MRS. BELL'S PETITION.

To the fair and charitable Ladies of the CUCKOLD'S-POINT MEETING,
The humble petition of Mrs. Bell, most earnestly entreating,
That out of their *loving kindness* they will not persist
In the RESOLUTIONS which they passed, and published in last month's SATIRIST.*
To be sure every word, that your Ladyships have said, is right,
And it is just what I said to my husband in bed last Saturday night:—
"Here are fine doings," says I; "I declare its a *burning shame* and a sin,
You're a pretty fellow, and my truly, d'ye want to make a church of the inn?
A fine kettle of fish you have made of it by sending me peeping up stairs;
I wish you'd mind your own business, and not be meddling with gentlefolks private affairs.
If you had not measured other people's corn by your own bushel, you never would have thought, in such a minute,
That a gentleman could not follow a lady up stairs, but directly there must be something in it.
Its very hard if gentlefolks mayn't do what they like, when they choose to pay for't,
I don't know any thing else you have to look to, that's what I have to say for't.

* See Satirist, Sept. No. XII. p. 143.

" No, no, John," says I, " this peeping and prying will never put in your pocket a single shilling,
'Twon't make your *bill* the longer to look at other people's *billing*.
If it had been any of your second-hand gentry, indeed, or the like of that,
It would have been right enough to look sharp to see what they would be at;
What do gentlefolks come to an inn for, if it is not for entertainment and accommodation?
If you had but minded what is wrote on the sign, there would not have been all this flusteration.
I declare, throughout the whole concern, you have behaved quite shameful and scandalous,
And one would think you did it on purpose to hurt the credit of the house.
You wanted to make a fine story of it, I suppose, or a smutty toast,
To please a set of nasty boozing fellows; but there you reckon'd without your host.
For what did I see or hear, after all my listening and peeping,
But my Lord kneeling by the bedside, and the poor Lady weeping.
And if his Lordship did look a little foolish or so, as well he might,
To be taken so at a nonplus, I should think a Lord has a right
To look foolish, if he can't help it, without telling the why or the wherefore
To a low riff-raff set, that a Lord knows better than to care for.

Marry come up indeed! things are come to a fine pass, upon my word,
When a parcel of cuckold-pated sots think of making a joke of a Lord!
And what's the upshot of it all, why the poor Lady has lost her husband and her good name,
My Lord has lost his money, our house the custom, and nobody but us to blame.
Three thousand pounds for such a little matter! Well, to be sure,
Your great folks can't be made after the same fashion as we that be poor;
Or else, for three thousand pounds—Lord! John, should you care
If I was to—but that's neither here nor there.
For, as I was saying, every body says now, if we were downright ruined and starved,
And if you was cuckolded twenty times over for nothing, we should be but rightly served.
And here you find that the Ladies have come to a resolution, and put it in black and white too,
Since you wouldn't let my Lord do nothing, that you shall have nothing to do.
And so, John," says I, "you had better, as things now stand,
Trust the affair to me, and let me take it in hand."
The business was soon settled, for John was sadly down in mouth that's certain, and well he might,
And as he found he was in the wrong, he thought for once I might be in the right.
But, Lord forgive me, what a rigmarole have I been telling here,
Your Ladyships will never be able to make head nor tail of it, I fear.

So to cut the matter short, with the most humble duty and submission,
I pray your sweet, beautiful Ladyships, to take pity on our condition.
Charity covers a multitude of sins, as the parson tells,
Then pray, if you ever loved the *beaux*, shew some kindness to the *Bells*.
Only forgive us this once, and hereafter you shall never have to say,
That any body's secrets are exposed in our house again, in any sort of way,
And for this mercy your petitioner, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

THE LOITERER.

No. IX.

It has been a frequent subject of dispute among moralists, whether theatrical exhibitions improve or vitiate the manners of society; and though a great deal has been said on both sides of the question, the disputants have left off just where they began, without producing any other effect than that of confirming each other more strongly in their original prejudices. The Anti-Thespians inveighed in the severest terms against the general licentiousness of the plot, incident, and dialogue of our older comedies; the friends of the drama defended them on the score of wit and humour, and the necessity of representing human nature as it is, to mark and enforce the difference between vice and virtue. An immeasurable field for contention was thus supplied, where the parties, if beaten from one point, might take post on another; and the dis-

pute, after endless skirmishes, be left, as in fact it has, still undecided. The question, at present, however, lies in a much smaller compass. Our modern dramatists—with laudable regard, no doubt, for the morals of the community—have all, except one or two reprobates, resolved not to incur the risk of being led into licentiousness by wit and humour, and avoid, therefore, most conscientiously all communication with them; and their productions, in consequence, like most old women's nostrums, if they can do no good, at least can do no harm: too cold and narcotic to stimulate to vice, they are too impotent also to generate the seeds of virtue.

Since then the drama itself is so completely neutralized, unless, as some have asserted, there be something in the very atmosphere of a theatre which infects and taints the purity of innocence, it does not immediately appear how the morals are to suffer contamination there more than at any other public assembly. But it will be said, that in a theatre there is a mixture, a jumble of all degrees and conditions, which takes place no where else; that in this jumble the pure and the impure are so shaken together, that like the most limpid waters meeting with any foul admixture, they lose at once their native purity, and acquire, at the same time, the appearance and quality of the impurity with which they are blended.

It would seem, then, that it is on the character and conduct of those who compose the audience at a theatre, and not on the character of the place itself, or the performances exhibited there, that any question can arise of danger to the public morals to be incurred by frequenting such a place of entertainment. But it will be very easy to shew how extremely ill-founded all such apprehensions are, as these matters are at present managed.

The good humour of the galleries, and the gravity of the pit, are proverbial; it will be unnecessary, therefore,

to speak of them. Indeed I should speak of them with less confidence, as not being gifted with the happy faculty, possessed by the Gods, of hearing an actor at half a miles's distance, I have never aspired to their exalted region; and having no particular affection for a golden shower of orange peel, nor wish to study the laws of gravity, experimentally, by the descent of a quart bottle on my head, and being unwilling to deprive any one of the comforts of *standing-room*, I have seldom descended into the pit. I shall confine my observations, therefore, entirely to the middle regions, and am much deceived, if it do not appear manifest upon an unprejudiced view of the subject, that much public benefit is derived from the present economy of the boxes and box lobbies of our theatres.

It is very true, that, in this part of the theatre, are to be seen, or rather you cannot avoid seeing, things which make modest women, and modest men too, blush, and which none but fashionable eyes can contemplate without winking; that you cannot avoid hearing things which violate most rudely the chastity of virgin ears, and set them burning most strangely; and it is not improbable that a stranger in London, not let into the secret, would mistake the place for a brothel, upon a new plan and extended scale; and if he were a scribbling stranger, would invent or borrow a few anecdotes on the subject, as illustrative of the English character. But when we reflect on the exemplary character of those to whom our theatres belong, and remember how much, in all their arrangements, the amusement, the convenience, and benefit of the public are considered, while their own are scarcely thought of; when we are told, that, at one theatre, nothing is done without the advice of the very active and intelligent magistrate, who has studied refinement and propriety at Bow-street and on the quarter-deck, and is, therefore, unquestionably, if not the fittest *arbiter elegantiarum*, the fittest to preside in a place where his magisterial powers must so

often be called into action; when we know that there is a pious society who have vowed a crusade against vice, and have their beagles constantly upon the scent for sabbath-gluttons and sabbath-shavers; when all this is so well known, can it be for a moment supposed that there are not very good reasons for permitting and encouraging that conduct in the frequenters of the boxes, against which all squeamish and short-sighted people inveigh so bitterly? It would be the grossest injustice to imagine that any motives could influence such men to act contrary to their judgment; and as it would be scarcely less injustice to believe that so serious a subject had not received from them the fullest consideration, so it would be the highest presumption to doubt the propriety of their decision.

No truth is more generally admitted than that example is better than precept; and from this motive, perhaps, proceeds their allowance of that freedom of conduct, which some call naked and gross licentiousness. Every school-boy has heard of the custom among the ancient Greeks of making their slaves drunk, and exhibiting them in that state to their children, for the purpose of creating in them a disgust and abhorrence of wine. It is, no doubt, with a hope of producing similar effects that such strange scenes are exhibited before the curtain; and thus, by holding up one part of the audience to the view and attention of the other, the want of moral, and of every thing else, in the piece performing on the stage, is most admirably supplied. Some may think, however, that there is danger in the experiment; and though the poet has said, that

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> As to be hated needs but to be seen:"

Yet that, in this case, she puts on her most alluring shape; and that if a few should have the penetration to detect under that flattering outside her real deformity, infinitely more would be dazzled and ensnared by her fas-

cinations. But it is proper that we should be accustomed to look danger in the face, or we shall never overcome her.

I was sitting, the other night, at the theatre, immediately behind a pretty innocent looking girl, about sixteen; she seemed too innocent, indeed, to have been long in London: perhaps it was the first time she had ever been at a play in her life. At first her attention was entirely absorbed by the scene pas ing on the stage; but between the acts she happened to turn her eyes, and fixed them on a very gaily *undressed* lady, who was sitting at the back of the next box, in earnest conversation with a lobby-beau. From that moment she scarcely once looked at the stage again. Her ears seemed to drink greedily their words, though they were certainly none of the purest; and I watched her countenance, in vain, for any expression of shame or disgust: her looks denoted rather that sort of gratified curiosity with which a person follows up and examines any subject of peculiar interest. I had not the least doubt that she would take the earliest opportunity of satisfying herself on such few practical points as the lady and gentleman left her uninformed of; and that she would pursue the subject, thus accidentally brought to her notice, as far as she could carry it: and as all virtue springs from knowledge, and all vice from ignorance, and no wisdom is like that which is obtained by experience, how much would she not owe to this single visit to the theatre!

POLITICS.

DEFENCE OF SIR A. WELLESLEY.

In our last number we ventured to predict, that ere its appearance in general circulation the most glorious news would have arrived from our gallant troops in Portugal.

That sanguine prediction was accomplished. The "*Invincibles*" of France bled at the points of British bayonets, or sought by flight a dishonourable safety. Never was British valour more pre-eminently displayed; never was victory more decisive; and every Englishman anticipated not only the liberation of an old and faithful ally from the chains of Buonaparte, but also the condign punishment and humiliation of his vanquished banditti. Whilst a great event is in suspense the action warms; and the very suspense itself, composed of mingled hope and fear, maintains no unpleasing agitation in the mind: this interesting sensation was most strongly felt by all the thinking part of this mighty empire, from the 3d of September, the day on which the Gazette which contained the account of Sir Arthur Wellesley's victories was published, till the evening of the 15th, when the PARK AND TOWER GUNS AGAIN WERE FIRED! Still to thousands and tens of thousands all was a tantalizing state of exultant suspense and joyous expectation. The notes of Lords Castlereagh and Mulgrave to the Lord Mayor, informing him of part of the *damnable* terms of the convention were at length communicated to the public.—THEN FELL THE CREST OF BRITAIN. Still all was anxiety till the appearance of the Extraordinary Gazette of Sept. 16, when sullen disappointment was converted into frantic indignation.

On the 22d of August, as it appears from his own letter, Sir Hew Dalrymple came like a blight into our army, to blast the laurels which our gallant troops had wrested, the preceding day, from the brows of Frenchmen. "A few hours AFTER his arrival," as he informs us, "General Kellerman came in with a flag of truce to *propose* a *cessation of hostilities*, for the purpose of concluding a convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops." This was precisely what might have been ex-

pected from a conquered foe, who found that further resistance would be ineffectual. But how does the heart sicken at the terms which were granted to this suppliant enemy! How does every British soul revolt at the idea, that those terms were not dictated by the VICTORS but by the *vanquished!* And how is such gross, such infamous partiality to an enemy to be accounted for, unless the then Commander of the victorious army was actuated by the *vilest* or most *despicable* motives—we had almost said "by CORRUPTION or COWARDICE?" It appears that the same hand which, on the 21st of September, pointed out to Britons the road to glory and conquest, was, on the 22d, *commanded* to sign the *preliminaries* of their disgrace. But let us not, in the fulness of our indignation, confound the innocent with the guilty. Let us recollect, that the articles to which the victorious WELLESLEY set his hand, were merely for a *suspension of arms;* and that if his Commander in Chief deemed it necessary by *these means* to obtain time till Sir John Moore and his troops landed, although he might himself be of opinion that the British force was, without these auxiliaries, sufficient to oppose the French, it was his duty as a soldier to obey. Indeed it appears to us that not even the shadow of criminality attaches to Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY; and the disgust which the base endeavours of factious writers to blast his fame has excited in our breasts, is only exceeded by that which was created by the perusal of the infamous DEFINITIVE CONVENTION.*

Sir Arthur could have had no idea, when he signed the *provisional* articles for the *suspension of arms*, that they, and even *worse*, would have been *definitively* agreed to by the Commander in Chief. Indeed he must have supposed

* Why are not these mischievous writers equally anxious to criminate Lieut. Col. Murray, who actually signed the CONVENTION?—Because *he* is *not* connected with the present Ministry!!!

that Sir Hew Dalrymple ordered him to negotiate the proposed suspension of arms, that Sir John Moore's forces and the provisions might, in the mean time, be landed; for there is nothing in any of the articles which declares, as is usual, that the British forces should remain in *statu quo;* and if Sir Arthur conceived this to be Sir Hew's *only* motive, he was not only justified in what he did, but would have been guilty of a high military crime if he had acted otherwise.

When, however, he found that Sir Hew Dalrymple was resolved not only to grant in reality what he had *provisionally*,* and perhaps *politically*, agreed to, but also to consent *definitively* to terms far more disgraceful to the British army, Sir Arthur, we are assured, vehemently protested against such conduct, and indignantly refused to become an instrument of his country's dishonour and weakness: an inferior officer was, therefore, commanded by Sir Hew Dalrymple to complete the disgraceful work.

We cannot, upon reflection, suppose that *any* British officer would be so abject as to accept a bribe from an enemy. Indeed, how, in the present instance, could the price of corruption be paid? If by *bills*, they could not be negotiated without detection; and if by *specie*, how could it be conveyed *to* and *by* the person bribed, without being visible? There is, however, something very suspicious in the FIFTH article of the DEFINITIVE CONVENTION: we allude to that part of it where it is agreed that the French shall be allowed to *dispose* of such part of their property and *plunder* as they cannot conveniently embark, "with full security hereafter for the purchasers." We wish it had gone on to declare, that NO British officer should be suffered to purchase any part thereof, either for a *nominal* or a valuable consideration.

* Vide article V. of the treaty for suspension of arms.

The FOURTEENTH article, by which it is agreed that every thing shall be explained *favourably to the French army*, is so repugnant to British honour, that we cannot conceive how any officer could have either the folly, the temerity, or the meanness to consent to it.

It is to be observed, that neither this, nor any thing about the disposal of plunder was mentioned in the *provisional* articles which Sir Arthur Wellesley signed for the *suspension of hostilities*.

Sir Hew Dalrymple's *avowed* motives for entering into this disgraceful convention, are the most silly and contemptible that ever disgraced a soldier. Indeed he confesses that one of the causes (the difficulty of landing Sir J. Moore's troops) which induced him to negotiate, was overcome before the articles were signed, and the other on the point of being so; and yet he did not think proper to insist upon better terms! Oh, fie! Sir Hew; thou must either be "the most egregious fool that ever walked upon the face of the earth without a leader, or * * *"

There are other circumstances, besides those which we have already mentioned, which create alarming suspicions in the minds of many. Why did Sir Hew Dalrymple so cautiously avoid transmitting any dispatches to government while the negotiation was pending—a period of *eight days?* and why was he so extremely anxious that the terms of the *Frenchman's* convention should be carried into execution before any communication upon the subject could be received from England, unless he felt conscious that Ministers would refuse to ratify the disgraceful compact?*

TIME MAY DISCOVER ALL!

Of course the writers of a falling faction have plenti-

* And *why* were the dispatches not sent off till *four days* after the infamous convention was signed?

fully abused Ministers for the misconduct of a General appointed during their administration; and yet these same *impartial* beings most manfully maintained, that the *Broad-bottomites* (in whose disastrous reign WHITELOCKE was nominated to the command of our forces in South America) were not at all responsible for his disgraceful failure. The fact is, we verily believe, that the appointment both of Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir H. Burrard is to be attributed, not to Ministers, but to that *damnable* system of *favouritism* which has so long existed in the vicinity of the HORSE GUARDS.

We are as anxious as any set of men in the British empire to treat the illustrious head of the army with due respect, but our love of our Sovereign is such, that we never will behold his gallant troops entrusted to the command of fools or * * * * * * * without expressing our regret and indignation.

Had not the command of the British troops in Portugal been injudiciously taken from Sir Arthur Wellesley, who *was* appointed at the desire of Ministry, we should not have been sickened and disgusted with *Kellerman's* infamous convention. We most earnestly hope and trust that Ministers will exert all their influence to prevent the *protection* and ensure the punishment of the GUILTY, and to have Sir Arthur Wellesley reinstated in that situation, which he filled with such satisfaction to our troops, and with so much advantage to his country. He is one of the *few* officers whom we know to possess both valour and ability; and let not a ridiculous idea of military *etiquette*, or the *cursed system of favouritism* deprive the British empire of his services. These are times when TALENTS, not *men*, should be considered, otherwise Europe must perish, and England will ONLY have the sad consolation of FALLING last.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

EPIGRAM,

On the present Mania for mutilated Statues.

Much is the town in debt for what is learn'd,
When Attic E—n back from Greece return'd;
For noseless he, with all his noseless blocks,
Shews us what Time can do—and what *** ***.

EVANGELICAL TEXT.

Some little time back, when the ladies wore higher ornaments on the head than at present, the "*Sinner Saved*" took occasion to preach on the ungodliness of that fashion, and delivered his text as follows. In the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew, and seventeenth verse, are these words—"*Top-knot come down!*" He then proceeded, after the pious manner of the Methodists, to prove that this was an interdiction of God against high head-dresses or "*top-knots.*" A clergyman, whom curiosity induced to be present, was completely puzzled by this text; and when he returned home instantly examined the chapter and verse from whence it was taken, where he found it thus written:

"*Let him which is the house*-top not come down—*to take any thing out of his house.*"

What an admirable expounder of the Gospel must the Reverend W. H., "Sinner Saved," be esteemed after this convincing proof of his *erudition!!*

THE BLESSINGS OF FRENCH PROTECTION.

AN EPIGRAM.

When first the French arrived in Spain,
Princes' and ladies' love to gain,
Such promises they lavish'd,
And with such pleasing manners courted,
That all the Princes were *transported*,
And all the Ladies—*ravish'd!*

We are sorry to hear that another noble Marchioness is endeavouring to qualify herself for a niche in our cabinet of *Notorious Fashionable Characters*.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

WHEREAS divers *Epigrams*, *Jokes*, and *Witticisms*, of *great value*, have been stolen from the SATIRIST; this is to give notice, that all those editors of newspapers and other offenders, who have been concerned in such depredations, shall receive our most gracious pardon, provided they acknowledge their offences, and on all future occasions prefix the following words to every article which they may think worthy of transplanting into their respective journals—"FROM THE SATIRIST OF THIS MONTH."

To those who have cruelly mutilated and disfigured our property to make it pass for their own, our gracious forgiveness cannot extend.

Satirist Office, Sept. 25.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Fox's History, *continued from our last.*

That simplicity is one of the principal requisites of elegant composition, and that in some peculiar species of writing it has a very powerful and appropriate effect, we shall not venture to deny; but we are by no means inclined to consider it as worthy of being cultivated with such scrupulous exactness as to preclude the higher qualities of elegance and dignity. To him who rests the whole merit of his style on its freedom from rhetorical embellishment, we can only ascribe the barren praise of unoffending prudence. The modesty of his pretensions is a proof only of his deficiency in that command of language and correctness of taste which distinguish the productions of Hume and Gibbon from the Commentaries of Hook and the Chronicles of Rhymer. The excellence of literary composition does not consist in the predominance of any particular quality, but in a skilful combination of the whole; and the contented humility with which Mr. Fox aspired to the praise of *unaffected mediocrity*, is a sufficient evidence of his inability to attain the higher excellencies of historical narrative.

Had Mr. Fox's endeavours, therefore, to render his production a model of historical simplicity been successful, he would have deserved only the qualified praise of having

accomplished an undertaking which more powerful writers had considered as unworthy of their ambition. But when it is discovered that his work has no claim to that very quality of style which he cultivated with so much patience and solicitude, that his expressions are often inflated and obscure, that the construction of his sentences is frequently embarrassed and imperfect, and his diction vulgar, pedantic, and incorrect, the deficiency of his abilities, as an historian, will appear as conspicuous as the futility of his critical opinions. Of the faults we have mentioned the examples are almost innumerable. The following will be sufficient to satisfy our readers of his pedantry, his incorrectness, and his obscurity; for proofs of his feebleness, his tautology, and other faults of a similar nature, we must refer to the History itself.

"If Aristides was banished, he was also recalled; if Dion was paid for his services by ingratitude, that ingratitude was more than once repented of; if Sidney and Russel," &c. &c.. . "but with De Witt fell also his cause and his party."—27, &c.

"Even this provision was owing to *any other* cause rather than to *any* generous feeling of his breast."—30.

"Persuaded to impeach, or *swear away* the lives of his accomplices."—20.

"It (parliament) affotded a tolerably *correct sample* of the disposition of the nation."—153.

"Wise men generally *diffide* in their own judgment, and *defer* to that of those who have had a nearer view of them."—30.

Such are the nature of his claims to historical simplicity! and we are afraid that the defects of his style are far from being compensated for by any novelty of information or profundity of sentiment. When we first sat down, indeed, to the examination of this production, we prepared to examine his opinions with an unusual degree of critical severity. Conscious as we were of the dangerous nature of Mr. Fox's political sentiments, and of the indefatigable

labour with which he would endeavour to inculcate these sentiments in every paragraph of his history, we had expected to discover a most artful and ingenious train of sophistry so skilfully supported by a partial collection of authorities, and by the other artificies of historical narration, as to render a minute and laborious analysis of his reasoning, an important and necessary duty: we were agreeably surprised, therefore, to discover that his history was one of those harmless and inoffensive compilations which neither perplex the judgment by the inferiority of their sophisms, nor mislead the imagination by their powers of persuasion. That Mr. Fox bestowed considerable pains on the argumentative parts of his work, it is impossible to doubt, and his failure must, therefore, be ascribed either to his own incapacity, or the indefensibility of his doctrines.

The principal objects of his work appear to be to defend the Roman Catholic religion from the accusation of intolerance, and to prove that a popish king is far from being so hateful, or so dangerous, as he is actually represented. In support of this opinion, which is very amply avowed in pages 102, 125, and various other parts of his work, he has produced little that is either ingenious or convincing. The arguments by which he endeavours to prove that "the violencies and illegalities of James's reign are *not* to be attributed to his religion, which was peculiar to him, but to that desire of absolute power, which so many other princes *have had, have*, and always will have;" such as his being assisted in his foreign negotiations by Protestant ministers; the administration of a Protestant test-oath, and the support of that measure by Lauderdale and Queensberry, are of little importance, unless it can be proved that ministers are neither liable to be deceived themselves, nor to deceive others for the promotion of their own interests; that a monarch never employs the pas-

sions and prejudicies of his subjects, to the gratification, and to the furtherance of his secret purposes, and that even most rigid devotee will not sometimes sacrifice his duty to convenience.

The rest of his sentiments are utterly unworthy of refutation. Our readers will spare us the mortification of tracing him through all his absurdities of opinion, and his indecencies of expression. His sneers at princes, his abuse of the transportation system, and many other passages of a similar nature, are too explicit to be mistaken, and too ridiculous to produce any impression, even on the most unreflecting of his readers. The following paragraph of the preface, however, as it displays in a very convincing light, when compared with the history which succeeds it, the distinction between theory and practice, and presents at the same time a laudable instance of congeniality of sentiment in the nephew and the uncle, seems to be worthy of more particular examination :—

"He had formed his plan so exclusively on the model of ancient writers, that he not only felt some repugnance to the modern practice of notes, but he thought that all which an historian wished to say, should be introduced as part of a continued narration, and never assume the appearance of a digression, much less of a dissertation annexed to it. From the period, therefore, that he closed his introductory chapter, he defined his duty as an author, to consist in recounting the facts as they arose, or in his *simple* and *forcible language*, in telling the story of those *times*. A conversation which passed on the subject of the literature of the age of James the Second, proved his rigid adherence to these ideas, and perhaps the substance of it may serve to illustrate and explain them. In speaking of the writers of that period, he lamented that he had not devised a method of interweaving any account of them or their works, much less any criticism on their style, into his history. On my suggesting the example of Hume and Voltaire, who have discussed such topics at some length, either at the end of each reign, or in a separate chapter, he observed with *much*

commendation of their execution of it, that such a contrivance might be a good mode of writing critical essays, but that it was in his opinion incompatible with the nature of his undertaking, which if it ceased to be a narrative, ceased to be a history."

Now without remarking the ludicrous pomposity with which these *dicta* are enumerated, and the strangeness of the epithets which Lord Holland has thought proper to apply to a mere colloquial barbarism, we are decidedly of opinion, that Mr. Fox's ideas respecting the nature of history, are as erroneous in this respect, as in those that we have already mentioned. The province of history is to detail not only the contests of armies, and the revolutions of nations, but the progress of science, religion, and literature. No critic will venture to deny the claims of Hume and Voltaire to the title of historians, and it is evident that if Mr. Fox's opinions are just, he must himself descend from the dignity he has so unwarily assumed, to the mean situation of a political essayist. If it is allowed that the manners and learning of a people are as legal objects of an historian's attention as its military contests, or its political revolutions, it is evident that no history can be written on the plan which Mr. Fox has recommended. The speeches of an orator, or the victories of a general, have no distant or immediate connexion with the discoveries of the mathematician, or the effusions of the poet. To connect the operations of Elizabeth's party in the Netherlands, with the exhibitions at the Globe, or the victory of Blenheim with the tragedy of Cato, would tend only to create an unnecessary refinement of deduction, or an inconvenient confusion of facts, and prolixity of narration. If a distinct essay on the literature of the eighteenth century have no claims to the appellation of history, when detached by a blank space from the preceding chapter, it has no more claim to that appellation, when joined to it by a connective paragraph. The inconveniences

which attend such literary artifices are accompanied by no corresponding advantages; and we conceive, therefore, that when Mr. Fox regretted that he had not "devised any mode of interweaving such discussions into his work," he was rather influenced by a puerile inclination to a quibble on the word *history*, than by a due consideration of its spirit and its tendency.

The preface consists of some uninteresting details of Mr. Fox's conversation, his letters to his friends on the subject of his history, a very insufficient apology for the publication of his posthumous fragments, and a reasonable number of common-place reflections. To those who wish to see what kind of epistles *great statesmen* can write in their moments of literary relaxation, the following extract will afford considerable gratification. We have no doubt that they are considered by the visitors of Holland-house as models of *sportive dignity* and *elegant vivacity!*

"It puts me quite in a passion. *Je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre,* as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of CORNEILLE *vilipends* RACINE. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it, *you may depend.* Oh how I wish that I could make up my mind to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects! and, indeed, I rather think I shall; and yet if there were a chance of re-establishing a strong Whig party (*however composed*)—"

"Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit,
Ut tantâ quicquam pro spe tentare recusem."

Whether Mr. Fox was perfectly correct in applying the term *Whig* to the party of which he was the ostensible leader, it is now superfluous to enquire. Whatever may have been its name, it has long ceased to be dangerous. The attention of its remaining members is now directed to other objects than the support of Catholic emancipation

or the downfal of the Ministry. Lord Henry Petty has danced through the honey-moon in all the obscurity of nothingness; Lord Erskine seeks repose from the fatigues of political warfare in the arms of beauty; Mr. Whitbread is employed in scribbling nonsense on Spain, and regaling his Bedfordshire tenants with ale and fireworks; and Lord Holland himself, instead of endeavouring to retrieve a hopeless cause by personal exertion, is more pleasantly and usefully engaged in giving confidential and literary dinners to the Edinburgh Reviewers.

Whatever may have been Lord Holland's motives for the publication of these fragments, it cannot be denied that they are a valuable acquisition to the enquirer after truth. No one will hereafter be deceived by the artificial lustre which Mr. Fox's admirers have cast around his character. He has left behind him the most impartial and indisputable criterion of his merits as a scholar, a statesman, and a patriot; and the despisers of his talents, or the opposers of his principles, when they are called upon to admire his virtues or his abilities, will give the best proof of their judgment and moderation by *referring to his* HISTORY OF THE EARLY PART OF THE REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND.

We cannot conclude our present remarks without enquiring of Lord Holland, whether his uncle, Mrs. Fox, or *himself*, were guilty of the abominable and disgraceful plagiarisms from Ralph's History of England, which so frequently occur in this contemptible work?

The History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq. vol. fourth, pp. 684. Cadell and Davies, Strand.

In no instance has Mr. Mitford more strongly shewn his superiority to all other modern historians of Greece than in his judicious selection of authorities. In every historiographer of Greece that we have seen, the authority

of Plutarch, whose chief study seems to have been to collect interesting apothegms and anecdotes, and who lived several centuries after the times he wrote on, is cited promiscuously with, and with equal confidence, as the authorities of Thucydides and Xenophon, who were not only contemporary with, but took an active part as statesmen and warriors in the scenes they are describing. So far has this been carried by Spelman, in his life of Xenophon, that, on the sole authority of Pausanias, he asserts that Epaminondas fell by the hand of Gryllus, the son of Xenophon, at the battle of Mantinæa; a circumstance so honourable to his family, that it is almost impossible that Xenophon, who was by no means wanting in the love of fame, could have omitted it, especially as he concludes his history with a particular detail of that very battle.

But in this volume, which comprehends the history of Sicily during the reigns of the Dionysii, and of Athens during the wars with Philip, these authorities are wanting; and the historian is left to the difficult task of selecting what is probable from the partial representation of later writers, Diodorus and Plutarch, and the more partial, though contemporary, orations of Demosthenes, qualified, however, by those of his opponents, Isocrates and Æschines.

Of the characters of Diodorus and Plutarch, as impartial historians of the times, of the Dionysii and Philip, Mr. Mitford gives this very judicious sketch.

"Plutarch, in the leisure of the Roman empire, under the benignant government of Trajan, conceived the design of shewing the principal characters of Grecian history in advantageous comparison with the most eminent of the Roman; viewing then with just regret the degraded state of mankind under the existing despotism; and from horrors recently passed, notwithstanding the advantageous character and conduct of the reigning prince, foreboding the probability of a renewal of them, his purpose appears

to have been to spread with the fame of his own nation a spirit of revolution and democracy. Diodorus, though a zealot for democracy, or what, having never seen it, he supposed it to be, has sometimes described its evils in just and strong colours. Plutarch is still more unequal and uncertain. When led by his subject to exercise his judgment, he could see that civil freedom can be no way secure but through a balance of power in a state, or possibly he may have followed Cicero's authority in asserting that a combination of democracy, aristocracy, and monarchy, would make the best government; for at other times we find him an inconsiderate and even furious advocate of the pure democratical cause."

Assisted by this set-off (if we may use the expression) of the real facts that occasionally break out through the mists of partiality and prejudice, in which Diodorus and Plutarch are continually involving them, and aided by the orations of Isocrates and Æschines, and the opposition that the democratic war-party, of which Demosthenes was the chief, or perhaps more properly the tool, met with from the virtuous and patriotic Phocion, Mr. Mitford has been able to cast a light on this æra of Grecian history which it has never received before. He has rescued the character of the Dionysii and of Philip from the obloquy which has attended them for centuries. He has shewn in their true colours the abominable despotism of the sovereign people of Athens, and the cruelty and oppression exercised by these falsely-termed patrons of liberty, Dion and Timoleon.

The following conduct of the elder Dionysius to an army of the Rhegians and Crotoniats, whom he had compelled to surrender, as related even by the partial Diodorus, is of a very different character from the general conduct of the *virtuous* warriors of ancient Greece.

"The Rhegians and Crotoniats, destitute both of food and water, sent next day to treat for their surrender. Dionysius required that it should be unconditional: at this they hesitated;

but towards evening, worn with hunger, and still more with thirst, they submitted themselves to his mercy. Being commanded to march in regular order down the hill, their numbers were ascertained as they passed to be more than ten thousand. When all were assembled at the bottom, Dionysius addressed them, and to their surprise, scarcely less than to their joy, told them, that he should neither detain them prisoners, nor require ransom: they were all free."

To this we may contrast the mercy of the popular idol, Timoleon, taken from his chief idolater, Plutarch.

"From whose garrulity," Mr. Mitford observes, "notwithstanding his partiality, we gain information. Icetes and his son Eupolemus, and the principal military commander under them, Euthymus, were made prisoners. Euthymus was a man of such excellent character, so generally esteemed and respected, that many of the zealous partizans of Timoleon interested themselves for him; but it was objected, that he had once used a sarcastic expression against Corinth, and this sufficed to make all interference in his favour vain. Icetes and his son, and this general, were all put to death: nor did the tragedy end so; the fate of the wives and daughters of these unfortunate men was submitted nominally to the decision of that multitude collected mostly from *beyond sea*, which was now called the Syracusan people, and the women and girls perished by the executioner. Unable to excuse, and unwilling to condemn, Plutarch says coolly, this was the most ungracious* of Timoleon's actions."

The frequent allusions to the history of later times to illustrate circumstances in ancient history is not one of the least of Mr. Mitford's merits, and eminently distinguish him from those mere narrators of facts who sometimes call themselves historians. We select these specimens.

"Dionysius, for himself and his partizans, together sought po-

* Αχαριστότα.

pularity against a party which had risen by popularity; just as with us in the two first George's days; the Tories in opposition asserted Whig principles, while the Whigs in power were accused of Tory measures, the parties remaining still the same."

"Barthelemi, in his learned romance of Anacharsis, has taken Dion as a favourite hero, and even outstripped Plutarch in extravagance of panegyric, concealing many of the disadvantageous truths which Plutarch has revealed. Thus far, were romance only his purpose, and not history, he might be excused. But he admits the consent of Dion to the assassination of Heraclides, for the purpose of justifying it. His unfortunate nephew has probably seen and felt enough not to be so fond of those principles which the uncle, and his great patron, the Duke of Choiseuil, contributed to spread in France."

Mr. Mitford in this, as in all his preceding volumes, shows himself a firm friend to temperate and natural liberty, though a decided enemy to democracy, with which such liberty is perfectly incompatible.

The Intrigues of the Queen of Spain with the Prince of Peace and others. Written by a Spanish Nobleman and a Patriot, who alone can be acquainted with the Intrigues and Amours of the above Personages. London, printed and published by J. B. Bell and J. De Camp, at the National Register Office, Catherine-street, Strand; 8vo. pages 132, price 6*s*. 1808.

Messieurs Bell and De Camp have by this vile publication *established* their bibliopolitical characters. It has been justly observed, that to the basest of hearts an all-wise and merciful Providence often joins the weakest of heads, and thus protects mankind from the malice and malignity of the one, by displaying to full view the contemptible insignificance of the other: that these two *well-known* booksellers fully intended to gull and fleece the

public by an anonymous romance is probable; but that the unparalleled clumsiness of the work will spoil their scheme is certain.

What excess of infatuation could induce Messrs. Bell and De Camp to lend their names to a book, whose very title-page teems with falsehood? "THE PRINCE OF PEACE *and others!*" WHO are the *others?* "*A* SPANISH *nobleman* and *patriot*, who ALONE can be *acquainted* with the intrigues," &c. &c. WHO is this *nobleman* and *patriot*, and what constitutes his peculiar and individual cognisance of the Queen's *amours?*—These are plain questions, which obviously call for explanation; but, alas! plain as they appear, they are questions which Messrs. Bell and De Camp can only answer with a blush: *digni sunt ambo certè qui putidis lapidentur ovis, vel absorbeant cum ovo pullum. Laus Ululæ.* P. 49.

In the dull Introduction we are told, that "to paint truth with *the colours of* FICTION, so that the discerning mass of the public may discover its features, and the self-love of the originals of the portraits, hinder them from penetrating through the veil in which they are wrapt,... seems to have been the CASE" [meaning *aim, scope, purpose, intention,* or *object*, we suppose] "with the author of the following work."—Oh! 'tis a cunning rogue!

"He left his work in the hands of a friend, who now, though conscious of the imperfect state in which it must appear, thinks the public curiosity too *highly* excited not to be *highly* gratified with the publication."

The opening of the narrative is, we presume, intended to be thought astonishingly sublime:

"When a traveller *sets out*, either through pleasure or *necessity*," [What! a NOBLE traveller, and talk of *setting out on foot* through necessity?] "on a *pedestrian* excursion, in a road which he had never *trod* before, it is *natural* he should *look around him*,

as it" [*scil.* the act of seeing] "occupies his mind and *lightens his fatigue.*" [Stupendous information!] "*But* it often happens that the prospects deceive him;" [treacherous varlets!] "that instead of being able to go straight to the wished-for *inn*, which he descries at a short distance, he is compelled to wind *two miles*" [exactly *two miles*, neither more nor less. Wonderful precision!] "along the inclosure of a grandee's park. *But* the most frequent disappointments arise from *hills*; for he sees their *tops*, as it were, a few *acres* before him, and whilst his imagination already *plunges* with delight beneath *the shady woods* with which they are crowned, he reaches a spot whence the *pleasing*" [Anglicè, *unpleasant*] "prospect of a long sun-scorched *vale*, terminated by the steep and cragged *foot*," &c. &c. &c.!!!— Whew! Whew!

We shall now lay before the readers of the SATIRIST some specimens of original style:

"In a word, (*on*) the 8th of March, 1767, the great Prince of (*the*) Peace, I am now at liberty to name him, made his first appearance on the stage of life, it is said, under a roof about ten feet above the ground, in a room ornamented with five whole, and *one* broken *chairs*," page 3. Picturesque!

"His father, whose cultivated mind was nearly *master* of the art of reading." *Ibid.* Familiar!

"Her pupil was *introduced* by his eldest brother Luis, who had not yet left the paternal roof, seduced by the distant splendour of military glory, *to a numerous herd of swine.*" P. 5.

How funny all this is, from a Spanish nobleman and patriot!

"To *reflect* on the pleasant *prospects* of *futurity*," P. 39.

A most elegant Hispano-Hibernican bull!

"His mind was more cultivated than *that* of the highest grandees, for he was *able to babble a few words of French, and it was reported he had read part of Virgil's Æneid whilst at school.*" P. 43.

Most exquisite and delicate humour for a Spanish nobleman and patriot!—MEM. At the bottom of the page, and *elsewhere*, our anonymous wag treats us with lean quotations; but these are deduced invariably from ENGLISH writers, such as Shakspeare, Pope, &c. *Solet enim in aliena castra transire, non tanquam transfuga, sed tanquam explorator.*—SENECA, *Epist.* ii.

"Donna Mendocia, though she might lay claim to the title of an antiquity, the justice of which no one would have denied, entered with as much spirit into *the intrigues of another*, as she may be supposed to have done when she was *their object* herself."

i. e. when *she* was the object of the intrigues of *another!*

P. 46. Another Hispano-Hibernican bull!

"*Ought* the General, who boldly undertook, in after-years, the subjugation of Portugal, *be branded with cowardice?*" P. 53.

Answer him, honest PRISCIAN!

"*The grandees*, who despised the obscurity of his origin, witnessed his undeserved influence over the heir of the crown, *with the feelings of a man.*" P. 60.

i. e. they *all* felt as *one*. Neatly hit off!

"The Princess, whose love now ceased to *glow* with the *fire* of novelty, *felt it melting insensibly.*" P. 61.

Like lead that first reddens, then turns into a state of fusion. Charming, delightful metaphor!—and not abhorrent from *nature!*

"His *credit* did not *rest* on a passing *gust* of popularity, it was *planted.*" P. 63.

Why, what a command of tropes the rogue possesses!

"The successor of this General, who was killed by *a cannon-ball Dugommier.*" P. 74.

What terrible species of *shot* was that?

"Information.... came like a wintry blast, and left every heart shivering." P. 76.

Good heavens! what a *flatus!* Surely this must be sublime.

"Disgust, *for the cause they had embarked,* followed on the heels of defeat." P. 86.

"*Galling his kibe,*" no doubt.

OHE! JAM SATIS EST!

Readers of the SATIRIST! we respectfully assure you, with earnest sincerity of averment, that—baiting his obscurity and impiety—CHARLES SEDLEY, *Esquire,* yes! *Charles Sedley,* is a more respectable writer than this SPANISH *nobleman* and *patriot.* C. S.'s spelling is tolerably fair; his language is, now and then, grammatical; his observations rise often to common-place; his fictions are not invariably destitute of probability: but this anonymous SPANISH *nobleman* and *patriot,*—the hackneyed drudge of Messrs. Bell and De Camp,—blots paper in the most slovenly manner that the dirtiest printer's dirtiest devil can conceive; whilst his powers of invention fall still infinitely short of his detestable powers of expression. How long he may live by his *wits* [Heaven mend them!] we are utterly at a loss to divine; but *this* we can most confidently assert as our firm opinion, that, let him be the poorest coward that ever skulked behind a hedge in the dark, yet, whenever he betakes himself *to the road* for subsistence, he will then find his PISTOL at least as beneficial as Messrs. Bell and De Camp have now found his PEN.

An Historical Survey of the Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, &c. By G. F. Leckie, Esq. 8vo. 6*s.*

In this comprehensive survey of our external relations, Mr. Leckie, in a very early stage of the work, favours us with that part of his creed which relates to the *errors* of

our system: in his progress he acquaints us, by piecemeal, with the grand arcanum, or political panacea, which is *to remedy* these evils; but it is not until we approach the conclusion that we discover that our state physicians, *both late and present*, are as unskilful as their prescriptions are injudicious, and that it is necessary we should call in a *third set* to rectify the preternatural morbidity of our *body politic*. He asserts, that our foreign relations have been conducted without any regard to a fixed system, and have been always biassed by *existing* or *arising* circumstances; by which means, instead of leading events, we have always been led by them: in short, that simple sentence in the Liturgy, "Oh, Lord, we have done those things," &c. seems to comprehend the sum of all Mr. Leckie's charges against our different Ministers since the bursting forth of the French Revolution. The warmth of Mr. Leckie's patriotism, and his wish that we should not be outdone, prompts him in several places to notice the *superior energy* of French politics, which he considers as having great advantages over ours. That the determined highwayman has a great advantage over the peaceful traveller no one will deny: yet though the latter may load his pistols to guard against attack, he will scarcely think himself justified in robbing those he meets, in order to remunerate himself for any probable losses he may sustain. Mr. Leckie, however, seems to consider the analogy of private right and wrong as totally inapplicable to the *present* state of affairs; and certainly the following observations are both sensible and correct:

"If usurpation and conquest be unjust, let it be remembered that self-defence is the first law of nature; and that the conqueror who civilizes those nations which fall under his yoke, amply compensates for the imaginary evil, while human nature, in general, is highly benefited. Should we not feel the force of

this reasoning, we must stand still while France and Russia are advancing by hasty strides to conquest and aggrandisement."

But to return to Mr. Leckie's system: he considers it as a thing completely established, that the balance of power on the continent is now a chimera, and that we have only ourselves to look to for future security; and this security he proposes to establish, not by confining ourselves to the limits of Britain, or by any particular attention to our American or Asiatic possessions, but by forming a cordon round Europe, in the occupation of all the islands on her coast: he begins with Zealand, proceeds to Walcheren, then Malta, Cyprus, the Grecian Islands, &c. &c. &c.; these, with *Guernsey and Jersey*, he thinks sufficient for our purpose: and having thus bespoke such good places, we may set down at our ease to see the *grand galantee-show*. Though he does not particularly specify Sicily, yet he seems to cast a wishful eye at that also; and with respect to Italy, he holds out opinions, which, if we choose to interfere in the internal regulations of other states, might be of importance.

"There exists in Upper Italy a society of men, consisting of the principal nobility, whose political views are directed to this grand object." [The formation of one great independent state.] "This society has existed for several years: and many who adopted the dress and language of republicans, secretly held the following doctrines: that Italy ought to be under one head; and that she should adopt, as far as circumstances would permit, a limited constitution of monarchy, and enter into a firm alliance and commercial intercourse with England."

Our readers will naturally stare at this plan of occupying all the European islands, and many may consider the projector as a political Sancho, looking out for his promised government; nay, some may enquire, how are we to preserve those settlements? To this Mr. Leckie has an

answer ready; we are to give them the British constitution, to give them all our arts and our internal jurisprudence, and then the natives will become soldiers and sailors, and each barren rock of classic antiquity will become a little England. With all respect, however, for the British constitution, and all due deference for Mr. Leckie's *Baratarian* scheme of giving to these islands *our constitution*, we canot help considering the plan as impracticable: indeed he himself proves it to be so in page 17, where, in a note, he observes:

"A striking example of this *superficial* policy was exhibited in Corsica, where we attempted to establish the British constitution among a people *not prepared for it*, either by the progress that they had made in civilization, by the division of property, by the habits of industry, or the love of order; this was perhaps one of the most notorious examples of imbecility in legislation ever seen in the annals of history; and the result it met with proves the truth of the remark."

That there is much justice in these remarks we are convinced, from actual observation, though we also know that there were *other* reasons which induced us to evacuate Corsica, reasons which it would be irrelevant to mention here; but if Corsica presented such obstacles to the application of British principles, surely the same reasons will apply to the greatest portion of the islands which Mr. Leckie enumerates. Our author also laments much that we have interfered with Sicily in a military point of view alone; but after the picture which he draws of the manners of the Sicilians, we are rather surprised that he should recommend measures towards them for which they are as little fitted as the Corsicans, and which must either hurl their King from his throne, or reduce him to a mere cypher. These things, however, seem mere trifles to Mr. Leckie, who appears, by his frequent quotations, to have

chosen Machiavel for his political aposfle; but even if this policy were just and expedient, he acknowledges that there is a powerful obstacle to it in the *people of England*, and that neither the late nor present Ministry would dare to proceed the *necessary* lengths in opposition to public opinion; he seems, however, to think that a *third* party could and would do it: who this *third party* consists of he does not say, nor does he say how it is to be done *against* the public opinion, unless indeed he expects that they will all be converted by this "Historical Survey."

With respect to the occupation of Alexandria Mr. Leckie makes some remarks, which may be useful to the late junto of *All the Talents*.

"Buonaparte knew that the English army in Sicily was nearly eighteen thousand strong, and that in the event of his being embarrassed by the Russian war, Italy would be held by a precarious tenure. His interest, therefore, demanded that such a force should be divided, and his only means for obtaining this end was to persuade the British to act as he wished, at the expence of their own understanding! He employed men of address to persuade our agents in Egypt that the French meditated a descent in that country; and the plan so far succeeded, that it was a *Frenchman*, at Palermo, who first asserted, that from the expedition which was expected from England a detachment would be sent to Alexandria!!!"

Mr. Leckie next complains of the great neglect with respect to our foreign residents;

"We have seen in foreign countries the agents of the British government complain of this neglect at home;—I am acting, like yourself, without instructions, as I have received no dispatches for these many months, says a British minister at Vienna to his colleague at Constantinople! *When* this circumstance took place, and *who* were the persons, is of no consequence, if the fact be true."

Why, no! 'tis at least unnecessary to mention it, as we

can certainly give a shrewd guess; indeed Mr. Leckie, though no ministerialist, seems perfectly disposed throughout the whole work, to give "*the Talents*" due credit for their *patriotic* exertions.

"According to the present style of parliamentary proceedings, the executive ministers are so completely occupied with answering the accusations brought against them in the preceding year, that they have no time to attend to any plan for the ensuing one: it results from this that the British government is constantly six months behind hand with the events of the day, and to this is not only owing to the success of the enemy, but the failure of our own prospects, while it destroys the confidence of our allies, and excites the sarcasms of our enemies!!"

Mr. Leckie has divided his works into *tracts*, which from their dates appear to have been written at different times and places; he seems to have been resident in Sicily and Malta, with occasional trips to the Grecian islands, and many of his *tracts* shew him to be a man of talent and observation; he does not, however, confine his observations to those parts of the world which he himself has visited, but takes liberal and extensive views of our eastern and western policy; we were therefore both *surprised* and *sorry* to find a man of his acumen and sound judgment descend in his *last tract* to a species of political sophistry, which can only mislead the ignorant, but which the judicious must spurn at. He observes that

"It has been objected by some to whom these considerations have been submitted, that such a system of policy could never be adopted by a British cabinet, and that they were suited only to those councils which possessed full powers, without apprehending the animadversions of an opposite party;"

He then proceeds to state, that *if* this reflection is *just*, the power given to ministers is inadequate for the exigency of the times; but *if* the objection is *not valid*,

"This will only shew that the supposed weakness of this cabinet must arise from some *interior* defect of their own, and this defect can be no other than a want of union among themselves."

Now in this stage of the question, a plain reader would expect that Mr. Leckie, before he proceeds to draw his inference, would establish his premises, and prove either his first or last position; this, however, he seems to think unnecessary, but immediately *begs the question*, comments on our *deplorable* state, and draws the following *candid* conclusion:

"Let it be permitted to an obscure individual to ask his countrymen what hopes they can entertain from the present rulers of the state; and should these give way again to those who exclusively arrogate to themselves the Talents of the country, will they expect from them a conduct better adapted to the necessities of the times? our only hope of salvation rests in the formation of a *third* party of *virtue* and *genius*, who will adopt new measures."

We will now leave Mr. Leckie, and those who can be caught by such flimsy declamation, to *their own flattering hopes* of aggrandizement.

Charles's Small Cloaths, a National Ode. By the Author of the Foxiad. Price One Shilling.—Bickerstaff, Exeter-street, Strand.

This little poem is written with much spirit, and is enlivened by frequent, witty, and apposite allusions, to those fallen heroes once so *honorably* distinguished by the appellation of ALL THE TALENTS.

As an example of its poetic merits we shall extract the following stanzas from the beginning of the ode:

" Charles is no more! in Charles combin'd,
The modern patriot's heart and mind
'Twas easy to discover.
The friend of France, nor her's alone,
Of every country—but his own,
The universal lover.

" Charles leaves his friends without a head,
Gives 'ALL THE TALENTS' all he had,
His Small Clothes, debts, and speeches;
The speeches may be spoke by Grey,
The debts a new subscription pay,
But who's to wear the breeches?

" Is there of 'ALL THE TALENTS' crew,
Who pension, place, and power pursue,
By fraud or force to win 'em,
ONE, to whom public credit reaches,
ONE, fit to put on Charles's breeches,
And represent him in 'em?

" Broad-bottom'd Grenville! take the charge,
The dress for you is not too large,
Your figure well may stock it;
But let me whisper in your ear,
What you, my Lord, won't like to hear,
There's nothing in the pocket.

" But who is he, the first to press
For Charles's place as well as dress,
And says, or seems to say;
'They both are mine, and mine alone,
I claim them as my right, my own?'
Grim visag'd verjuice Grey.

" 'Whitbread, bring all.' The busy Brewer,
Eager the prizes to secure,
A speech of Charles's catches,

To plague the persecuted Scot;
For he's an orator, God wot,
Of tatters, shreds, and patches.

" 'The mob's vile pander,' Windham cries,
'Him and his Small Clothes I despise,
Than wear I'd rather burn 'em."
But soft, a convert once again,
And swelling the vile pander's train,
He'd wear, but first he'd turn 'em.

" With Pitt, Grey, Sidmouth, all, he goes,
Attacks, like Quixote, friends and foes,
And every plan miscarries;
Sends British armies and a fleet,
By Turks in Egypt to be beat,
By mobs at Buenos Ayres.

" Well, blushing Bardolph, what say you,
Drest in your thread-bare buff and blue.
And reeling ripe and merry?
They'll make a comfortable cloke,
And that you want, without a joke,
In more than one way, Sherry.

" 'Too small for my gigantic size,
I'll try to wear them,' Petty cries,
'As long as I can keep in.'
Like David, in Saul's armour drown'd,
Your head, poor Petty, will be found,
Just o'er the waist-band peeping.

" But if your financiering dreams,
Your ways and means and school-boy schemes
The Christian tribe refuse;
Search well the pockets, you may find
Some tempting plan, by Charles design'd,
To catch his friends, the Jews.

" Head of the Law, by Pitt confus'd,
By Charles protected; oft you us'd
At second hand his speeches:
Then lay your highland kelt aside,
And wear, with borrow'd warmth supplied
In the same style his breeches.

" So known, so honor'd—in the Lords,
Exert your wond'rous power of words,
Make a bad cause the best:
Not so, my Lord: exert it not,
Your genius sinks, rebuk'd by Scott,
Be silent, and—Protest."

NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

The only dramatic novelty within the last month, with the exception of a farce which the newspapers did not think worth notice, is entitled YES or NO, on the merits of which the opinions of *the critics* differed not a little; all the daily papers having given it an excellent character, while on the other hand almost every *Sunday* enlightener of the public joined in its condemnation.

YES OR NO,

Performed at the Haymarket, 31st of August.

" The *piece is lively and full of bustle;* it may be hoped from *its power of exciting mirth,* that it will continue to run for the season; in short, it is *sprightly, inoffensive,* and *entertaining.* The airs, with the exception of an old medley, are *trifling* and *insipid.*" —*Oracle.*

" Yes or No is *certainly* the *most puerile* of *the many puerile productions* which have of late been obtruded on the public; he (the author) proves himself as *destitute of common information,* as his *miserable puns* prove him *devoid of wit,* or his *stupid dialogue of genius.*"—*The News.*

The Morning Chronicle, after relating the story of Mr. Winston's not intending to bring out any thing new after the Africans, sagely observes, that he was induced to change his mind on being presented with *Yes or No, gratis,* and adds, that its "*excellence*" fully justified the manager's departure from his original resolution; this "*excellence consists rather in dialogue* than in plot. There was some *music* in the piece, but *none of it deserved approbation* except a comic song."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"The *overture and music are pretty.* Many of the *scenes* are *well contrived,* and *produce a good stage effect,* and although the characters cannot boast of much originality, they are *thrown into very whimsical situations, and excite considerable merriment.*"—*Morning Post.*

"*Without a key,* we *could not* have been able to *furnish the gent'e reader with the plot.* We felt it almost an *intolerable penance* to remain from seven till twelve o'clock at night, to witness *this miserable production. The music, though not exquisite,* was such, as in great measure to support it.—*Sunday Review.*"

"*The characters are badly grouped*; the *music* by Mr. C. Smith was *very pretty.* The situations are of the broadest farce, and some of them very ludicrous."—*British Press.*

"The *music* is *very pretty,* and *some sweet songs* by Mrs. Liston were *greatly applauded.*"—*Morning Herald.*

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti."—HORACE.

SINCE our last number was published the winter theatres have been reopened; but though a wider field for criticism has been thus afforded, few objects worthy of notice have yet presented themselves. At COVENT GARDEN, Mrs. Siddons and her brothers had repaired to their accustomed stations, and their genius seemed to have

awakened from its summer repose fresh and vigorous. Their exertions were well supported by the rest of the company. At so early a period of the season novelties were not to be expected; several, however, were understood to have been in bud, and under the judicious culture of Mr. Kemble might soon have bloomed their little day, and then have faded, like other deciduous theatrical flowers with which the dramatic garden is overrun. It is not improbable that the dreadful event which has made it necessary to transplant them from Covent Garden to the Haymarket may check their growth, and backward their bloom for a considerable time. In the mean while, till they were prepared for exhibition, as there was a plenteous stock to select from, we are absolutely at a loss to conceive what motives could induce Mr. Kemble to fix on *Pizarro* as a play to be performed at the present time. Every one is ready to give him credit for judgment and discretion; yet if these are allowed in the present case, how shall we account, while the feelings of the public are so tenderly alive to all that concerns Spain, and so deeply and justly interested in her favour, how is it possible to account for his choosing to represent a play, in which the Spanish character is painted in such odious colours? Can it be supposed that he wished to remind the British nation that the Spaniards themselves had invaded and usurped the liberties of an independent people, and thence to insinuate that the present attempt of Buonaparte is but a just retribution for their former tyranny. What should we say if the Spaniards were to exhibit on their stage similar representations of our invasions in India? But the managers of the Spanish theatres feel very differently on the occasion. From the following extract, which we make from the play-bill of a Spanish provincial company, announcing a performance for the benefit of the

widows and orphans of VENTURADA, a town which it seems has suffered much from the French, it appears that pieces are written there purposely to celebrate the alliance between England and Spain, and to expose the enormities of Buonaparte; and that, in compliment to England, our celebrated national air, "GOD SAVE THE KING," is sung, in our own language, between the acts of the performance. The play-bill, which was brought from Spain by a nobleman, a few days since, now lies before us.

"Eldia 5 de Setiembre dara principio con la Accion Heroica en dos Actos, Titulada: *El Tribunal de la Razon* ó ALIANZA DE YNGLATERRA Y ESPANA, *Original de el* Señor Juan Estremera, la qual se adorna de Vistosissimas decoraciones entre las quales se manifestará una de sublime gusto y nueva inventive cuya copia se fixará Iluminada sobre los Carteles de aviso para satisfaccion del Publico.

"Dicha accion se intermedia de Coros de Musica y uno de ellos de *composicion Ynglesa* en la Canturia y en el metro de sus Versos, cuyo titulo es; GOD SAVE THE KING. Igualmente se espresa en ella un breve discurso sobre la conducta de Napoleon en la Europa, señida su composicion con todo rigor á el Arte."

But we forbear to make any further observations on the subject. *Pizarro* was performed on Monday the 19th; on the succeeding morning the theatre was reduced to ashes.

At DRURY-LANE the campaign was opened by Mr. Thomas Sheridan, Commander in Chief, supported by those distinguished officers, Messrs. Graham and Wroughton. This transfer of command, however, has not as yet produced any sensible difference in the plan of operations: the same pitiful system of economy still prevails,

and the ranks are as thin as ever. To attempt any thing with such weak forces, evinces, however, at least that the Commander is not deficient in one requisite of generalship—self-confidence.

For the purpose of introducing a *young lady* in the character of *Ophelia*, being, as the bills announced, her *first appearance on any stage*, the tragedy of *Hamlet* has been performed. When the young lady appeared, we found her to be Mrs. Corri, the wife of the notorious Composer, and from a certain curve in the outline of her figure, we were not sure that some other young lady might not make her appearance before the conclusion of the performance. If we are not very much mistaken, however, it was not, as the manager was pleased to assert, the young lady's *first* appearance on *any* stage: if we are not much deceived, we have seen the same young lady perform the part of *Juliana* in the *Honey Moon*, at the Haymarket Theatre; and we have reason to think also that she has made other appearances at Richmond. But leaving that to the conscience of the manager, Mrs. Corri is certainly a very pretty woman, and sung her plaintive airs very prettily, and in time may become perhaps a very pretty actress.

Elliston performed the part of *Hamlet*. We admire Elliston in many things, but we certainly do not admire him as the representative of the Danish prince. It was impossible that such an actor as Elliston could play such a part, without displaying, occasionally, some of the brilliancy of his genius. In the closet scene with his mother, he evinced considerable feeling; and in the last scene, there was something indescribably impressive and natural in his exultation at having destroyed the king. But frequently he seemed to be conscious of his own weakness and deficiency in the powers of expression; and, like Timanthes,

threw a veil over the passion he could not express. His handkerchief was continually before his face, and in the most passionate parts he played at bo-peep with the audience.

But oh! such a *Ghost!* We are certainly not superstitious, but such a Ghost as Mr. Raymond, is really a very shocking thing. He did so cant and whine, that from the nature of his armour, which resembled a lobster's shell, we could positively think of nothing else, for the soul of us, while he was on the stage, but a great overgrown lobster, gifted with the powers of speech, and become a babe of grace; and we could not help thinking that the "*methodist lobster*" would be a very appropriate name for him. We hope never to see him play the part again.

A Mr. Scriven, from Edinburgh, has appeared also in the character of *Hodge*, in *Love in a Village*. As we can say nothing in his favour, we abstain from all remark on his performance. Dowton, that excellent actor Dowton, whose merits are not generally appreciated half so highly as they deserve, was the *Justice Woodcock*; and we much question if the part had ever before so able a representative. Miss Lyon sung the airs of *Rosetta* sweetly; we wish she would give herself the trouble to speak audibly in the dialogue part of her characters.

In taking our leave of the HAYMARKET THEATRE, which closed for the season on the night when the Park and Tower guns were announcing the intelligence of the *glorious* convention with JUNOT, we have little to add to the observations contained in our preceding numbers. One piece, indeed, we scarcely know whether to call it new, entitled *Yes, or No*, from the pen of Mr. Pocock, the artist, has been brought forth, with the assistance of that very able theatrical *accoucheur*, the Baron de Truin,

alias fleecy-hosiery Bown, *alias* Mister Winston. We understand the author offered it to the managers for *nothing*, and he seemed to have had a very just notion of its value. It is positively too contemptible for criticism: nothing but the excellent acting of Liston and Matthews could have possibly saved it from damnation; and Matthews has found it necessary to introduce his excellent *mail-coach* song to prop it up. If Mr. Pocock paints no better than he writes, we fear he has little chance of immortality.

In speaking of this theatre, we are at a loss for terms sufficiently strong to express our reprobation of the infamous riot and licentiousness which is nightly permitted in the boxes and lobbies. No brothel can be worse; and though managers may, for the present, perhaps find their account in it, they must be the losers in the end, for unless some reformation take place, all persons, who have any remains of decency, must refrain from visiting their theatre. There is, indeed, one powerful reason with the managers for allowing so much riot and noise in the front of the house, as the pieces they produce are by this means most effectually secured from damnation, since a British audience has infinitely too high notions of justice and liberality to condemn *unheard.*

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.
Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. Love's Lyrics, or Cupid's Carnival; original and translated: by J. Scott Byerley, Esq.

"Mr. Byerley's versions have the *spirit* and *fire* of the originals; and were he to prune the luxuriancy of his ideas, he might

boldly claim an *exalted* niche amongst modern translators. The lines on Lord Nelson's interment are *worthy of their subject.* The work *merits a popular reception.*"—Monthly Mirror.*

"GROSS INDECENCY in *clumsy verse.*"—Annual Review.

"Some of these Lyrics exhibit such a kind of Carnival as the profligate may enjoy in a BROTHEL. The author's *dulness* however furnishes a very efficacious antidote to his indecency."—Critical Review.

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2. State of France during the Years 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806; by T. Williams, Esq.

"This work embraces a *great variety* of *interesting* and *amusing* topics, written in an *agreeable* but unlaboured style. We hazard nothing in declaring that within the whole compass of English literature, we know not where to refer to more *satisfactory knowledge* relative to the interior of France since the commencement of the present war. The system of espionage is *well detailed;* and several anecdotes of its powerful agency are introduced, and *rationally accounted for* on the principle of self-defence. We are tempted to lay a few reflections of our author on this subject before our readers, which evince *political sagacity,* and assist us in forming a *due estimate* of the foe we have to cope with. The writer never loses sight of the *interests of his own country,* and his *patriotic sentiments and observations* have a claim to the *attention of rulers* as well as of subjects."—Oxford Review.

"This work contains on the whole, considering its size, *no small portion of information.*"—Monthly Review.

"This book consists of familiar letters, written during the author's captivity, to a friend in England, and now *published by his advice.* Few things are sweeter than a long letter, full of news from a far-distant friend; and certainly the kind and amusing office of a correspondent deserved a better reward than this *injudicious counsel.*"—Annual Review.

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3. On the Maritime Rights of Great Britain. (First Part.)

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* N. B. The author wrote this *favourable critique* himself.

"This is a *plain, intelligent,* and impressive address to the people."—Antijacobin Review.

"The tract before us is *by no means deficient* in *good sense* and *sound reasoning*."—British Critic.

"We *do not* precisely *know what this author means* by 'maritime rights;' and we suppose that he uses the word as one of mighty sound, but to which no definite meaning is affixed."—Critical Review.

"This declamation is in *its very title absurd?*"—Annual Review.

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4. Three more Letters* on the Subject of the Catholics; by Peter Plymley, Esq.

"In these letters we discover the same force of humour, and *sagacity of remark,* as in a former production of the same author.' Critical Review.

"Squire Plymley combines with his pleasantry *facts* which *must speak conviction* to *all persons of discernment*."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Peter Plymley is a facetious letter-writer; but his humour is most miserably ill-timed; and still worse applied to a subject of a most serious nature, which he either *understands but imperfectly,* or *misrepresents most wilfully.* It would be no difficult matter to point out some *falsehoods,* and numerous misstatements and perversions; but fortunately these are too *obvious* to escape *any reader of ordinary information*."—Antijacobin Review.†

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* The three letters composing *this* pamphlet are the third, fourth, and fifth.

† To the above we cannot refrain from adding an extract from another article on the same work, merely for the purpose of displaying an example of the pompous inanity, and disgustingly affected singularity of phraseology, which compose the general train of the Annual Review: "*Freer* from *tautology* than *Lucian,* from *physical obscenity* than *Swift,* and from *moral obscenity* than *Voltaire,* this writer seems *adapted* to *execute comic composition* with *attic salt and urbanity.*"

5. Sermons on different Subjects; by the Reverend John Hewlett, Morning Preacher at the Foundling Hospital, and Lecturer of the United Parishes of St. Vedast Foster-lane, and St. Michael le Quern. Vol. iii.

"These sermons are plain, serious, and moderate. The *sentiments* are for the most part *just* and *scriptural;* the *language* generally *chaste* and *correct, free from* the *tinsel* which *often* distinguishes the composition of a popular lecturer, and *adapted* more *to impress the heart* than to please the ear. The public have shewn their judgment of this *worthy preacher* by calling for a fifth edition of the two former volumes of his sermons."—Annual Review.

"While the teacher of human science must adhere to an exact statement of truth, *a preacher* may boldly mount the pulpit, and teach *with consummate effrontery* what he *never studied.* Such are the poignant reflections which have been awakened in our hearts by perusing *these volumes.** Wherever we can discover a decision of sentiment in these volumes, it is *decidedly hostile to* the grand discoveries of *Revelation.*—While the *language neither merits praise,* nor claims the trouble of censure, and the thoughts are so childishly tame as to provoke no serious attention, the *doctrine* will either *bewilder* by its indecision, or *ruin* by its falsehood. We feel the deepest regret that the religious instruction of so many children should consist of declamations which they cannot understand, or *assertions* which they *ought not to believe.*"—Eclectic Review.

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6. A Letter to the Right Honourable Charles Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons in the late Parliament; by a Member of that Parliament.

"Although we are not very friendly to speeches that never

All this parade of Greek, English, and French classics; of Lucian (forsooth!), Swift, and Voltaire; this learned distinction of physical and moral obscenity; this vile and execrable specimen of style; *about* a *pamphleteer*, and *by* an *Annual Reviewer!*

* This is a criticism on all the three volumes.

were spoken, we cannot withhold from this our commendation, for two reasons: first, because it contains, we believe, a *considerable portion* of *truth;* and secondly, because it is at least as *well written* as any of the compositions on the same subject that have lately come under our inspection."—European Magazine.

"The present pamphlet is written with an affected moderation; but we discover in the composition much *futility of argument*, and more bitterness of heart.—The character of the late ministry may for ever defy such *impotent slanders* and such *contemptible hostility*."—Critical Review.

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7. The Life of the Right Honourable Horatio, Lord Viscount Nelson; by Mr. Harrison.

"As an historian, Mr. Harrison balances *not* with steady and temperate hands the scales of rigid *justice*: his allotments are *all* thrown into one scale, that of *encomium*. As a *composition* this piece of biography betrays a material *deficiency* in having no arrangement nor subdivisions, and is disfigured by *many inaccuracies* and *absurdities* of expression;—with *many sentences* involved in *obscurity* by *ungrammatical construction*, or deformed by *grammatical violations*."—Monthly Review.

"The author aspires rather to be a *faithful* than an elegant biographer."—Oxford Review.

"—In other respects," [besides the praise of Lady Hamilton, and dispraise of Lady Nelson] "the work is *not ill written*."—British Critic.

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8. The English Practice of Agriculture exemplified in the Management of a farm in Ireland; by Richard Parkinson.

"The reputation Mr. Parkinson has acquired as an agricultural author, certainly does not entitle him to pester the public with all the *vapid remarks, crude inferences*, and *impertinent stories*, that he may be able to pick up in the course of his agricultural pursuits. A LARGE QUANTITY of the materials is *very irrelevant*."—Eclectic Review.

The British Critic (in one of its Prefaces) mentions this as one of the agricultural works which "have as LITTLE *exceptionable matter* in them as any we have seen for some time."

9. An earnest Address to Men of all Orders, &c. respecting the Papists.

"This work deserves at least the praise of *good intention*, and the *execution* is *not inadequate*."—British Critic.

"Instead of an 'earnest,' this ought to be called a '*ranting*' address."—Monthly Review.

"The author of these *infuriate* pages," &c. "There is much *ostentation of ignorance* in this address."—Critical Review.

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10. George the Third, a Novel.

"Having derived some entertainment from these volumes, we gladly recommend them to the notice of readers in this line, as containing some good sense, and *originality* of thinking."—Monthly Review."

"This work is *not marked* by *any* feature of *originality* from the *countless number* of its species."—Oxford Review.

"This novel is of a *very superior* description to those published," &c. "There is much good sense, *unaccompanied by novelty*, dispersed in these volumes."—Monthly Mirror.

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11. Horæ Psalmodicæ, or a Popular View of the Psalms of David.

"The author speaks of his production in humble terms, as adapted to the edification of the *general reader* only. With us it bears a *higher character*."—Monthly Magazine, Supplement.

"The author warns his readers, not to expect from the title the acute criticism displayed in the Horæ Paulinæ of Paley, nor the learning to be found in the Horæ Mosaicæ of Faber: and in this he has done well; as such expectations, if formed, would be *miserably disappointed*.—The text is that of the older English version; and to this are subjoined a few declamatory remarks, which, not being founded upon a critical knowledge of the original, are *generally very far from the truth*."—Annual Review.

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12. A Sermon preached on the 25th of February, 1807, (fast-day,) before the Coldstream Regiment of Guards, by the Reverend William W. Dakins.

"*Why this sermon should be published, we cannot readily discover.*"—Oxford Review.

"The discourse is in every respect as *worthy of appearing before the public*, as discourses upon such an occasion in general."—Annual Review.

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13. Substance of Lord Erskine's Speech in the House of Lords on Monday, April 13, 1807.

"This speech, we must frankly allow to be a *very able* one.—It must be allowed to be *dignified*, and the arguments to be *impressive*.—Oxford Review.

"This harangue, which is said to have been *admired* in the House, does *not* entirely produce a corresponding effect in the closet."—Annual Review.

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15. Sketches of Human Manners; by Priscilla Wakefield.

"It is intended in this small volume to combine innocent and *moral* entertainment, with an account of the characteristic manners and peculiar customs of different countries. We trust that the fair author will experience that indulgence from the public, which the *able* manner in which she has executed her design, justly entitles her to expect."—Critical Review.

"This little volume contains a number of entertaining stories, replete with ingenious information, and each and all conveying a *useful* and IMPRESSIVE *moral*."—British Critic.

"Mrs. Wakefield has had many more opportunies of inculcating moral lessons, than she has thought fit to adopt; and the kind of remark which she *has* introduced is so FEEBLE, that we expect *little advantage* from it. She has included fifteen tales in this small volume; and has *not* been so *happy* in combining, as diligent in collecting, her materials."—Eclectic Review.*

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* We are at no loss for the grounds of this last criticism. The writers of the Eclectic Review, no doubt, could furnish an *admirable* plan for a *juvenile library*. But we apprehend a child passes through a still worse purgatory in training for a *methodist* than for a *quaker*.

*Comparative Criticism Extraordinary! No. IV.**

Sibi constet!—HORACE.

That *each from other differs*, first confess:
Next, that he *varies from himself* no less.—POPE.†

Trafalgaris Pugna; the Battle of Trafalgar: a Latin Poem, with a literal Translation in English Prose. By Juvenis.

"This poem, we are told, was submitted to the perusal of several gentlemen of the first literary fame in both universities; and their unanimous approbation has induced the author to publish a few copies of this juvenile essay. Unless these 'gentlemen of literary fame' intended a *quiz* upon Juvenis, we think the reputation of the universities will suffer considerably in the opinion of every reader of the Battle of Trafalgar. It would be an *insult* to suppose that any *serious approbation* was given. The utility of the Translation will not be doubted, as the Latin is *unintelligible*."—Critical Review, for August 1807.‡

"If we cannot coincide in the opinion which we are informed has been expressed by 'gentlemen of the first literary fame in Oxford and Cambridge,' that this is 'a beautiful composition,' we are perfectly ready, considering the very tender age of its author, to regard it as a *fair promise* of *future excellence*"—Critical Review again, for January 1808.

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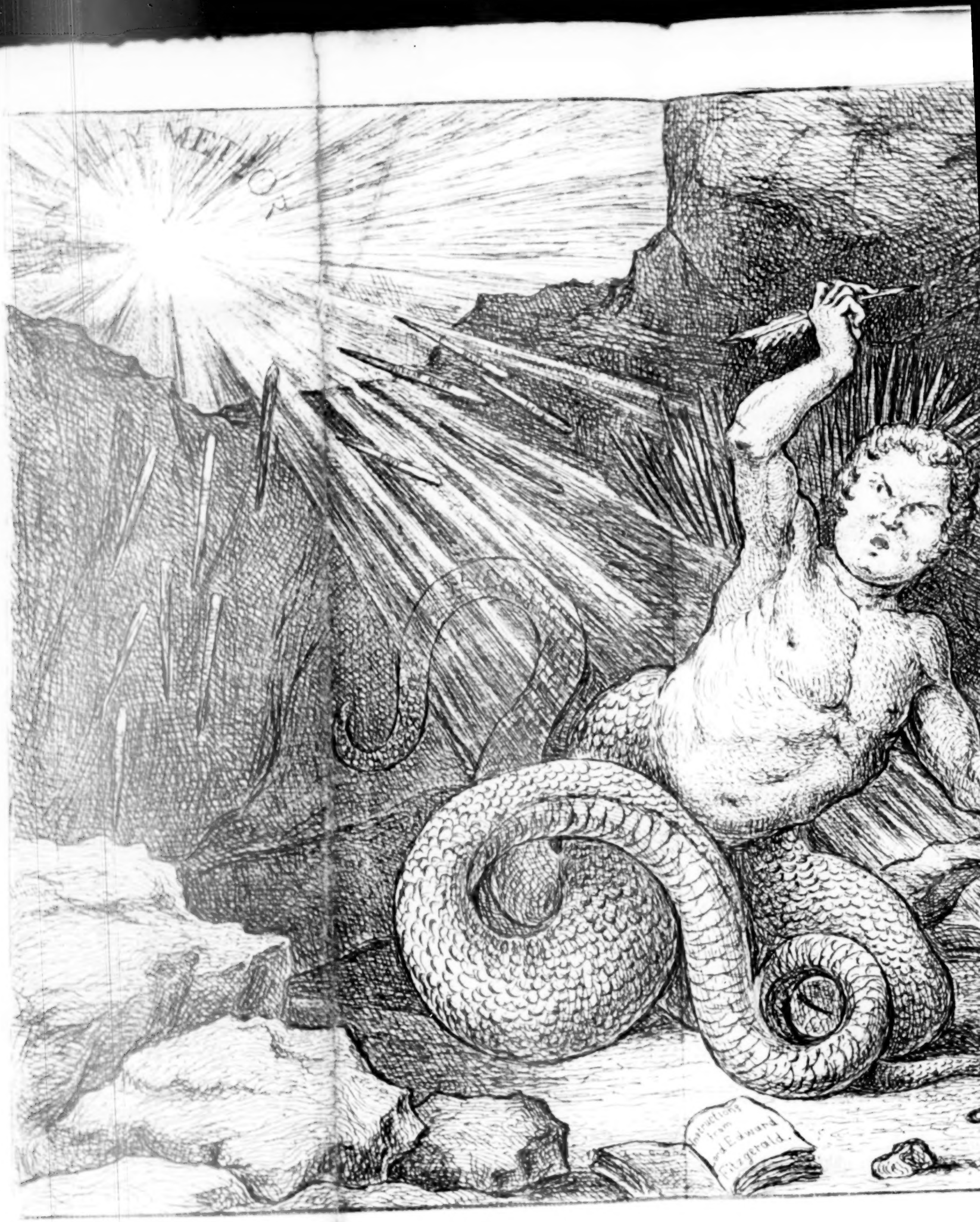
* Our first specimen of this kind occurs at page 543 of our first volume, and is pointed out by a note there. Our second specimen is at page 444 of our second volume, and is also marked by a note. The third is at page 112 of the present volume. We hope it will give *equal* satisfaction to the editors of reviews and to our readers, to be informed that we shall pay very particular attention to the detection and display of these critical curiosities.

† Moral Essays: Epistle 1.

‡ We have before had occasion to select nearly the same extract (at page 91 of our second volume), in our *ordinary* Comparative track; but the Critical Review will undoubtedly pardon us this repetition, for the sake of a comparison in which the honour is *all its own*.

T. Gillet, Printer, Crown-court, Fleet-street.



The PORCU

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